# *The Student Voice*
# 1957-1958

Worcester State
University

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# The Acorn

Vol. XV. Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, November 1, 1957 No. 1.

# New Look at Worcester Teachers

## Seniors Invested On Class Day

On October 11th, the entire student body, faculty, and the guests of the senior class attended the Senior Class Day ceremony. The members of the senior class donned their caps and gowns for the first time. That this was the largest senior class in the history of W.S.T.C. was evident by the fullness of the stage.

The ceremony began as the seniors entered the side doors of the school auditorium. Garbed in traditional black robes, they marched down the outside aisles, men to the left and women to the right. The traditional Processional March accompanied the marchers and served to emphasize the spirit of the ceremony.

Paul E. Sullivan, class of 1958 president, led the assembly in the devotional services, after which he delivered the traditional welcome speech. Following the introduction, President Eugene A. Sullivan capped the senior class officers. John Bullard and Carol Bagdonovitch, the class marshalls, introduced the class officers. Folowing the capping of the class officers, each student was introduced by the class president. The long procession of seniors filled the stage, creating a picture of proud men and women. Their happiness coincided with that of the parents and friends seated in the auditorium.

Each year, Gamma Chi chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, the national honor society for students and faculty in teachers colleges, introduces its members and invites seniors who have attained scholastic standing in the upper ten percent of the class to join their ranks. This year, Eugenia Pepi, president, and Carol Flynn vice-president welcomed eleven new potential members, pinning each with the society ribbon, signifying his accomplishment.

Following this, Carol Roseen, the class vice-president, read the teachers' creed. The seniors marched in pairs up the center aisle bringing the program to a close.

As in years past, students and invited guests proceeded to the cafeteria for the Senior Tea. Amid attractive lace covered tables laden with delicate cakes and brightly polished silver, hostesses and pourers welcomed and served a large group of guests. This brought a close to a tremendously successful social event.

F. M.

## Student National Education Assoc.

On Tuesday, June 25, 1957, an historic meeting took place in Washington, D. C. At this time, the organization formerly known as Future Teachers of America was officially changed to the Student National Education Association. The principal aim of the organization, which is open to all college students, is preparation for participation in the teaching profession.

Here at W.S.T.C., Carole Flynn of the senior class was one of the pioneers in executing the transition from FTA to SNEA. The new organization now known as SNEA was officially founded in the presence of the officials of the National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards who are the "God-parents" of this infant organization.

Some of the highlights of Miss Flynn's stay in Washington included work sessions with the people of NCTEPS on "Developing Sound Personnel Policies and Practices"; all night work sessions spent in clarifying the new constitution of SNEA; visiting the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare; touring the new NEA building; and presenting copies of a resolution favoring the Bill for Federal Aid to School Construction to legislators in Congress . Miss Flynn met with Senator John F. Kennedy and then was taken to the Family Gallery to observe the Senate in action. Later, Representative Harold J. Donohue arranged lunch for our delegate and a behind-the scenes tour of the House of Representatives.

From June 29 through July 5, the students attended the NEA Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia This must have been an inspirational week working with 20,000 members of the teaching profession on the theme, "An Educated People Moves Freedom Forward." A partial list of guest speakers for that week would include Vice-president Richard Nixon, Senator Kennedy, Senator Neuberger, Senator Mansfield, U. S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Marion B. Folsom, NEA President March Shull and Dr. Lawrence, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

In conclusion, W.S.T.C. should feel proud and honored to be among the first of the colleges and universities throughout the country to become an active member of the SNEA. We should also be grateful for the confidence and assistance received from the Massachusetts Teachers' Association which made it possible for our college to be able to send a delegate to the meeting which saw the transition to the SNEA. We only hope that our organization will meet the high standards that have been set by the national organization.

V.J.S.

**Present Members of Kappa Delta Pi**

Eugenia Pepi, President
Carole Flynn, Vice President
Carol La Fontaine, Secretary
Lois Wennerstrand, Treasurer
Rose D'Elia, Recorder-Historian
Elaine Davis, Program Chairman
Noreen Arnberg
Jean Chauvin
Helen Espanette
Nancy Forsberg
Dorothy Scahill
Dorothy Sullivan
Jane Vechionne

**New Students Invited to Membership**

Carol Bagdonovitch
Willian Belanger
Katherine Bergstrom
Maureen Cusson
John Dowling
Jean Frost
Mary Laverdiere
Mary Le Blanc
Elizabeth Ohman
Carol Roseen
Francis Schlosser
Helen Such
Astrid Tolefson

## Adjustment To College Life

You have passed the entrance exam, which was difficult; paid your tuition, which was more difficult; and managed somehow to purchase your text books, which was the most difficult of all. Consequently, you are a college freshman, poor but happy. It was a long road and you made it.

However, before you sit back and breathe that sigh of satisfaction, I have some information that may help you to adjust yourself physically and mentally to the responsibility of your newly acquired position. I know just what you are going to say; you're healthy, so that takes care of the physical side of things and you must have brains or you would not be here. Well, you are off on the wrong track already.

Adjustment, according to **Thornlike-Barnhart** means, "the orderly arrangement of parts and elements." With this definition in mind, you should try to set up an orderly arrangement of your most

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## New York Definitions

AUTOMAT:—A juke-box with calories.

ASHTRAY—A small bowl-like object just short of where you drop your ashes.

BABY—A male child under two years; or, any female over eighteen.

CHARACTER — Anyone who acts differently than you.

CLASSICAL MUSIC—Elvis Presley with both legs in a cast.

GROUNDHOG—A women driver.

NIGHTCLUB—A smoker with an amusement tax.

The present seniors of W.S.T.C. left her hallowed halls in June of 1957 with the firm conviction that in three months they would return, as seniors, to the comfortable, familiar routine in the comfortable, familiar building we have come to regard as "ours" in the three happy years we have spent at W.S.T.C. Lo and behold, when September 16 finally rolled around, we found ourselves in a completely changed and different atmosphere. To con an old cliche "Something new has been added to."

As far back as April of 1957 we knew that our gymnasium and locker room were to be replaced by class rooms and offices but the full impact of the change wasn't felt until we turned the corner which would, and should, have led to the gym and found ourselves in strange and new surroundings. Nine new class rooms, five new offices all as modern as the finest of present day buildings. This was progress. The largest freshman class in the history of W. S. T. C. have familiarized themselves with our new "Annex" and strolled through the new and gleaming corridors as nonchalantly as suave and sophisticated seniors. We seniors walked about in a daze as we had done four years before as first day freshmen. Doors which previously had yielded to the touch of a shoulder suddenly were as unyielding as blank walls. This fact caused much embarrassment, many red faces, and dropped books.

Prematurely we felt like "old grads" returning for a twenty-five year reunion to find the "good old ivy covered walls" replaced by shining aluminum and gleaming brick.

"What else is new?" This question was sometimes asked with a bit of fear and trepidation. It was often answered by the pointing of an accusing finger in a southwesterly direction where we found our tenni courts paralleled by what will eventually be a connecting tunnel between W. S. T. C. and "of all things" the oft-talked about, oft-promised new building. We had seen the orange colored steel framework rising slowly as we left in June but the connecting artery seemed to make the new building an established fact. Present plans call for this to be completed by June of "58" or at the latest September of said year. It will include a gymnasium to house the New England Teachers College champion basketball team, a cafeteria to replace our present limited one and more class rooms and offices.

Worcester Teachers is growing, there are several reasons for this growth, the greatest being the need for well qualified, well trained teachers. The second reason for this growth is the work of President Sullivan and the faculty in the production of the type of teacher present day education needs and demands. When principals and superintendants associate with our graduates they realize the excellent preparation they have been given. This leads to urging the Massachusetts Legislature to expand Worcester, that more fine teachers may be ready to meet the ever increasing school enrollment.

We feel that as years pass Worcester will continue to grow both in size and in quality that it may produce for the world the finest of educators to carry on our truly democratic way of life.

## CLUB NEWS

**Kappa Delta Pi**

The aim of Kappa Delta Pi, a national honor society, is to bring forth intellectual and personal qualities in the future teachers of America. The faculty advisor of Gamma Chi, the Worcester State Teachers College chapter, is Dr. Elizabeth Barlow. Only qualifying members of the Junior and Senior classes may join.

**Men's Athletic Association**

The Men's Athletic Association is an organization which promotes and directs the athletic activities of the males. Each year intramural tournaments are held.

**Woman's Athletic Association**

This organization is to provide the women with recreational, as well as athletic activities. Points are given for taking part in activities. Annually a banquet is held to present awards.

**Dramatic Club**

Members become acquainted with the technical skill involved in stagecraft and are prepared in speech. There is one major production each year by the members of the Dramatic Club. W.S.T.C. students, as well as students of other colleges, present projects on radio and television.

**Glee Club**

The Glee Club is composed of both the Men's and Women's Glee Clubs. Anyone interested in music may join. A Christmas Concert and a light music concert highlight the year.

**Future Teachers of America**

This is a professional organization which aims to help the elementary and secondary students keep up with educational development.

**International Relations Club**

The I.R.C. is designed to inform its members on both national and international affairs. The activities consist of disussions, guest speakers and panels. Anyone may join.

**Geography Club**

The goal of the Geography Club is to provide a rich geographical background for its members by bringing about interest in the people and countries of the world.

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# The Acorn

**The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly; it is printed by the Saltus Press, located at 63 Myrtle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.**

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## EDITORIAL

Welcome Freshmen!

**The Acorn** extends its congratulations to the largest class ever to patrol the corridors of State Teachers College. It is recognized that the class of 1961 have become members of our rapidly expanding student body only after having successfully competed against many who were not so fortunate as to be accepted.

It is hoped that the Freshmen will feel perfectly at home right from the beginning and will feel free to seek advice from any of the upper classmen, who will be extremely hospitable.

The four years that you are going to spend here will pass as rapidly as a midget auto racer. We hope that you will take advantage of the scholastic attainments within your grasp, and the numerous social, club, and athletic activities which the college offers.

## COLLEGE CAMPUS LIFE

We have taken it upon ourselves to give the less fortunate a glimpse of the gala social events of our school calendar. The first soiree that we had the honor to attend was "The Red Drop Hop" sponsored by the Varicose Society. May we add that it was a real bloody success. The purpose of the dance was to raise funds for their annual blood letting drive.

The Laboratory was overflowing last night as couples danced to the liquid music of Les Anemic and his Pale Four. The guests seemed to enjoy "The Transfusion Tango" and "The Jugular Jump." Lovely redheaded Aorta, band vocalist, gave a thumping rendition of "Hemophiliac Blues" which raised everyone's blood pressure.

The decorations were very clever. Suspended from the ceiling was a huge heart which beat convincingly 70 times a minute. From the heart were suspended many red streamers which were supposed to represent capillaries and arteries. The effect was one of intense realism unless, of course, one has never danced in this vein.

Even the refreshments were connected with the theme of the dance. A corps of nurses served intravenously from the magnificently decorated tables arranged artistically around the floor. Blood flowed like water. Miss Leech, head nurse, poured.

Highlight of the evening was the entertaining mixer, "Find Your Type." The game is a simple one, each person is supplied with a small knife or razor blade, and a vial. Into this vial the player bleeds, then runs around trying to find a someone with the same kind of blood. Many lasting R.H. friendships were formed. One of the two survivors of the game was heard to remark, "This is lots more fun than Russian Roulette."

The Varicose Society extends heartfelt thanks to the Undertakers League for mopping up so thoroughly after the dance.

A.F.M. & L.T.T.

## THE STUDENTS' SIDE

This column appears in each issue of the school newspaper for the express purpose of informing the student body of the work of the Student Advisory Council.

With the increased enrollment of students, and the enlargement of the college plant, the Council is faced with new problems relative to expansion. Plans must be made for the supervision and maintenance of the Student-Faculty lounge and new cafeteria in the college annex.

During the first few weeks of school, the work of the Council has been concerned with routine business matters, the issuance of Handbooks, identification cards, and the supervision of the election of the delegates to the Swampscott Conference.

Each class elected a member to attend the Conference which was held the 8th and 9th of October. The theme of this Conference was, "How Can Teacher Preparation In stitutions Meet Their Intellectua Responsibilities More Effectively?' The discussions proved to be of value and highly interesting as can be seen by the resumes given by the delegates at assembly meetings.

Eugenia Pepi,
President, SAC

## Book Review

## COMPULSION

**By Meyer Levin**

**COMPULSION** is a novel con cerning the remarkable and unbelieveable Leopold-Loeb case. For anyone not familiar with this story, Leopold and Loeb were brilliant, immensely wealthy eighteen year-old University of Chicago graduates, who together, planned the kidnapping and murder of a little boy and attempted to obliterate the sex and identity of the body before hiding it and then proceeded to collect the ransom.

The boys claimed that their crime was "a crime of supermen" and believed that they would never be apprehended. It had been intended to be a perfect crime and to prove their heartless cruelty, they even recorded what feelings of guilt and remorse they had, and reprimanded each other for them.

Meyer Levin, in retelling this story, has tried to discover the true psychology behind it, and has attempted to enter into the thoughts and passions of the two criminals, to understand how and why two boys—one of them handsome and popular, the other quiet and scholarly, both from reputable families—were capable of so monstrous an act.

This book is very educational and helpful in the field of psychology and psychiatry, while for the layman, it is interesting and enjoyable reading.

This article is the first in a series of book reviews that will appear in this column.

Arlene Ocken.

## Faulty Faults

The average person in today's serious and fearful population has almost completely lost his sense of humor. Man has allowed his mind to be saturated with ghosts — of tradition, of social position, of wars and death. No longer does he see and appreciate what is truly humorous. The fact that man has lost his humor is itself humorous. It it with this in mind that I am writing this column and it is my hope and purpose, if it be acceptable, to continue the "humor" in subsequent issues.

J. M.

Not too many years ago in the hidden valley of Conformity, beneath the shadow of Little Stone mountain, there lived a fiery Scottish clan of the name McFaubus. For many years the clan had lived with perfect harmony within their family. But as time passed two great and weighty problems reared themselves before the clan. The first problem was this. For a few years before the time of our story there had been a growing belief among the servants of the McFaubus' that they should be allowed to drink from the well of their masters, which in truth was the purest. This, to the eyes of the clan, (who believed in the segregation of wells) was ridiculous. The second problem was a more universal one. The top of Mt. Little Stone had always been a danger to birds flying South for the winter as the top could not be seen because of the clouds and so had become the last resting place of innumerable of our feathered friends. Recently there had been an undeclared race between the McFaubus clan of Conformity Valley and the McRed clan who lived on the other side of Little Stone mountain in Lower Siberia to see who could first set up a beacon on the very top of Little Stone to warn the birds of the danger they faced. It had become a question of family prestige.

These two problems became intermixed in the fate of the people of Conformity calley and their eventual destruction—but let me tell you the sad story.

One fine spring day a carrier pigeon flew in from the penthouse in the world capitol of Washtown bearing word of a momentous decision handed down by the exhalted board of directors. Namely that, starting in the fall housecleaning session, all people could take water from any well they wanted (you see, Washtown had been keeping a close watch on the situation in Little Stone Mountain area.) The elder McFaubus, Orville, by name (who was a brilliant well-educated man) didn't think this was right. And so he devised a scheme to not only fool the board of directors, but also to gain more prestige in his own clan. The day before the fall housecleaning program was to begin, he placed his town militia around the best well, stating that this was to protect the servants from the wrath of the citizens. Orville's militia, however, did not carry out protection, but rather prevention.

This, of course, caused a stir in Washtown and the present king, a "gent" named McIke, decided he had better put old Orville McFaubus back in line; and so McIke took over the militia and had them escort the nine servants willing to run the risk of ostracism directly to and from the well.

McFaubus flustered and McIke blustered and everyone yelled, "Foul"! They were so concerned with their problem of segregation of wells that no one noticed that all the birds flying South were avoiding the deadly peak of Little Stone mountain. Then came a messenger from Lower Siberia announcing triumphantly that the race to put up a beacon for the birds had been won by the McReds. Sure enough, three days later the clouds surrounding Little Stone lifted for a moment, just long enough to give the McFaubuses a glance at the beacon—which somewhat resembled a miniature moon. What a blow to the pride of the McFaubus clan, who were acknowledged the wisest, most brilliant people in the world.

You would no doubt expect the people of Conformity to realize their mistakes and give the McReds the praise and congratulations due them for their great accomplishment. But, alas, they did not. Instead they planned, under the able direction of Orville McFaubus, how to destroy the McRed "moon" and re-establish their position of superiority.

The rest of my story is too sad and too bloody to go into detail but I will outline it in general. All the people in the whole land of McFaubus set out under Orville's guidance to destroy the McRed "moon." But just as all the people were walking up the one narrow path to the summit of Little Stone mountain, the wicked Giorgi McRed released the cables holding the "moon" in place and sent it crashing down the mountain, crushing every last McFaubus beneath it.

And so ends the story of McFaubus.

**JOHN J. MANNING**

## Interlude

A time between,
Longer yet than all before and after.
A few short hours
Lengthened into days and months and ages;
Moments left for thought divorced from laughter.

An interlude:
An unconscious birth, a hope's formation.
Some moments gained
Lending worth to acts and hopes forgotten;
Leading lastly to some great creation.

J. J. M.

# Current Events

This is the story of a political demagogue or what is commonly called a dictator. In the 1930's Huey Long reared his ugly head until an assasin's bullet closed out his political and physical life; in the 1940's Hitler said that he would further the cause of the people of Germany, and we are all familiar with the road he travelled; and now in the Fabulous Fifties the same pattern is being followed by the Governor of the State of Arkansas, Orval B. Faubus.

Here is an elected official of a State, elected by the majority of a people, who is attempting to further the cause of the minority of people, the bigoted segregationists. It is an obvious attempt to further his own political life but Faubus cloaks it as an issue of forced integration. "You cannot change a way of life by legislation," is the argument of Faubus and his mobs, yet the Civil War was fought nearly 100 years ago for the same issue, oppression of the basic civil rights of a minority of people. Thank God we still have a democracy where such an event can take place. In Russia, for example, if an elected official, if there are any, tried the same thing he would ultimately be shot or transported to the frozen wastes of Siberia to mull over his future.

The President used considerable tact and patience with Governor Faubus in an attempt to make him see his mistakes in his handling of the affair. Then came the ultimatum to Faubus to either call off the National Guard preventing integra tion or to use them to enforce the Supreme Court's Decision requiring integration of public schools. The ultimatum went unheeded and the National Government moved swiftly. As a result we now have Federal troops escorting nine Negro children to classes in Little Rock's Central High School.

This democracy of ours is based on the Constitution, the Amendments to the Constitution, and the interpretation of the Constitution by the Supreme Court. It can be no other way or our democracy will be destroyed. Referring to the Supreme Court's decision, a momentous one indeed, Faubus contends that Little Rock needs more time to integrate, yet the School Board of that city had made tentative plans to begin integration this year on a limited scale. Many other Arkansas communities already have some integrated schools and yet the Governor feels that Little Rock needs more time, and he calls the mobs to support him in his one man crusade against the law of the land. Without this law anarchy would run rampant and mob rule would be our democracy.

The Little Rock situation is just what the Russian propagandists have been looking for. The Kremlin is chortling with glee at our sorry dilemma. They are picturing our free land as a land of civil strife and they are doing this in a remarkable manner. Headlines in many foreign lands proclaim the fact that we condone such actions—and they may be right. It took the President plenty of time to make his move, but what these headlines fail to note is that we are a lenient government. That is to say that Governor Faubus could have with drawn his troops and faded out of the picture gracefully, however, he chose not to. The damage to our international relations has beer done by Faubus and his mobs Never before have the Russians had such fodder for their cannon of untruth.

Donald McGrath.

## Adjustment

(Continued from Page 1)

precious element, time. How your time is divided may very well be the difference between success and failure in college.

Naturally, studies come first. In addition to your regular studies, you will find it necessary to spend several hours a week doing research for themes, term papers, or compositions. Nevertheless, you will have the time for extra-curricular activities. Clubs and organizations, dances and parties, plays and athletic events make leisure hours very enjoyable.

The third and perhaps most vital division of your time is not always recognized as such. Sleep a major factor in physical as well as mental alertness, is too often sacrificed. It may be that paper which is due tomorrow. You had three weeks notice but you waited and stayed up until 4 a.m. writing it. Or perhaps the dance wasn't enough so you went to a party afterwards. You'll catch up on your sleep tomorrow. Oh but you can't. There's another party to go to. Wake up and start getting the proper amount of sleep.

Now that you have an idea of what is in store for you during the coming year, you are on your own. Remember that you came to college to obtain an education and to participate in the social activities of the school, but don't lose sleep over either of them. Who knows, you may be a sophomore some day. Time alone will tell.

This is just the place for that old adage, "Do as I say—not as I do."

John F. Gaumond

## CLUB NEWS

(Continued from Page 1)

**The Students Public Relations Association**

The aim of this organization is to bring the achievements of the students before the public. The members of the club which include class officers, class marshals, editor of the school publication, president of the Student Advisory Council, and presidents of the clubs send the news of elections, sports and other activities to the students local newspaper.

**The Robert W. Fox Memorial Debating Society**

The Robert W. Fox Memorial Society enables students who enjoy oral expression to work together. Debates on the national intercollegiate debate topic are held with colleges in the surrounding area.

**Audio Visual Aids Association**

The aim of this club is to help students recognize the various types of equipment. After learning how to operate the machines, students will be licensed members.

# Turn Table Talk

**"Renewing old acquaintances is a pleasantry**
**When talk and drink flow freely."**

**Maturation of the Spirit**
by Apollo and Lynus Keroseres.

We certainly can't supply the drink but as far as talk goes WE'RE LOADED!!! No finer way to initiate this year's column than to praise Mr. Pat Boone's "April Love." It comes from the movie of the same name. It's backed up by an oldie "When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano." Good Investment. That Barber has done it again! The ballad with a collegiate twist, "Ivy Rose" and the up-tempo "Just Born."

Worcester's adopted son, Jerry Vale sings "Pretend You Don't See Her." Par Excellance.

Our nomination for the most obnoxious record of the month is Mrs. Edward Fisher's "I'm All Grown Up." She ought to stick to being the untalented mother that she is and let her husband do the singing.

Nice to see Billy (Williams, that is) making records again. His "Got a Date With an Angel" as well as "Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter" are ranking among the winners.

This new craze, the Cha-lypso, has hit the Ames Bros. We must admit "Melodie D'Armour" is good listening.

Frankie-Boy shows off his great talent by singing "All the Way" from his latest movie, "The Joker is Wild." This record is a two-sided wonder with the flip side "Chicago," sung only as the great Sinatra can.

We find it impossible to be loyal to the entire Boone family. Nick Todd's version of "Plaything" is mediocre minus.. We'll vote for Ted Newman's record anyday.

It's entirely against our principles but we like "'Silhoutte" by the Rays. Like all R&R songs it's got a good beat and repetitious lyrics.

Number 1 on our album list is Frank Sinatra (Naturally). The Voice does many great standards such as "Laura," There's No You," and "Maybe You'll be There." The album is entitled "Where Are You?" Sorta like terrific!

A repeat performance by Ella Fitzerald and Satchmo Armstrong. The album is called "Ella and Louie Again." One of the highlights is "Stompin at the Savoy."

Our Boys The Four Laddies sing "The Songs of Frank Loesser." One of the best songs is "Slow Boat to China." Way out from Wowsville!!!

For our highbrow fans we've got a novel album entitled "Around the World Every 96 Minutes" by Nikolai Sputnik. It has its good points.

See you next issue if you survive the Asian Flu.

A. M. and L. L.

**Science Club**

The goal of the Science Club is to broaden the interest of its members in the field of science. The activities of the club include films, guest speakers and field trips.

# GO!!

# GO!!

# LANCERS

# THE JAZZ SCENE

**By DANA STRAIGHT**

Jazz as an art idiom is at its zenith of popularity. It is also one of the most controversial forms of music on the scene today. This was pointedly illustrated at the 1957 American Jazz Festival at Newport, Rhode Island.

Here, where the famous and infamous of the jazz world meet annually, controversy was ever present — the old versus the new, Dixieland versus the so-called West Coast Progressive.

**It's the BEAT that does it.**

Since 1954, jazz has experienced the most quantitatively active period in its history. There have been more jazz recordings and more night club and concert tours specializing in jazz than ever before. Co-existing as integral parts of the contemporary jazz scene—are New Orleans style, Dixieland, Swing, West Coast Progressive and individual leaders of varying directions in modern jazz. All these groups, for example, intend to swing, to pulsate, to play with and between and over the meter. All, in short, realize to some degree they are part of a rich, viable tradition that can be most valuably enriched by those who know and understand the contributions that have been made before them.

Jazz actually started and received its roots in the pre-Civil War days. This popular style of music started as a form of spiritual singing. The people sang this type of music in the fields while they were working. Spreading into a particular section of New Orleans, called Storyville, jazz was accepted as being born. Storyville in this era was quite a notorious spot. It was noted for its emporiums of ill fame and its night life. The year 1917 marked the closing of Storyville by the military authorities, with the aid of other government agencies. This was due to the inability of the authorities to gain the cooperation of the operators in abolishing certain objectionable services. With the closing of Storyville, musicians like King Oliver, Turk Murphy, Kid Ory, Sidney Bechet, Bunk Johnson, George Lewis and Jerry Roll Morton migrated to Chicago. This occasion marked the first time that jazz had come out of confinement in New Orleans. Shortly afterwards, it began to spread when Abe Brunis, an original from Storyville, began playing in different areas throughout the country and another musician, Turk Murphy, headed for the West Coast. There came variations in styles when white musicians began playing with the colored groups. Red Nichols was one of the first to do this and later organized his own small band namely "Red Nichols and his Five Pennies."

With the coming of the big bands there came a split in jazz. There were the conservative bands of Paul Whiteman (father of the big bands) the first all white group, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra, Larry Clinton and Ben Bernie as opposed to the big band "jazzers" Ben Pollack, Fletcher Henderson and Jimmy Lunceford to mention just a few.

Next on the scene was the era of swing with such greats as Benny Goodman, who was one of the first to hit the big time, and the Dorsey Brothers, who were at that time playing with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. The Dorseys later left Whiteman to form their own band and eventually broke up to form individual bands. From here we go to the 40's with Glen Miller, Ray Noble and a cast of many others, which brings us up to the present. Today we have the progressive groups of Dave Brubeck, Chico Hamilton, Gerry Mulligan and Bud Freeman with Brubeck leading the aggregation.

The above account is just an introduction to future articles to appear in this column.

Dana Straight

# The Kernel Says

**The "Kernel Says:" is a sports column that was instituted last year. The main purpose of the column is to report to you on all the athletic events at Worcester State Teachers College, and also we try to bring you some of the most important professional and college sporting news.**

**This column in reporting on the sporting events at W.S.T.C. tries to introduce or spark a bit of enthusiasm or interest into you, the student body of the college, in the teams that represent you, State Teachers College at Worcester. These are your teams, your classmates, your friends, so let's support them.**

### Braves Beat Yankees

The Milwaukee (sigh, Boston) Braves turned the tables on the vaunted New York Yankees in the most thrilling seven game World Series in quite some time.

It was a combination of superb Braves pitching and timely hitting that gave Fred Haney's Braves the champ ionship over Casey "the old professor" Stengel's Yankees.

Lew Burdett and Hank Aaron led the Braves in their quest for the World's championship.

Burdett tied a World Series record as he won three of the four Braves' victories, and was complete master of the Yankee batters.

Hank Aaron led both teams at bat as he had a series average of .383 and hit three homeruns in the seven game series.

This was the city of Milwaukee's first World Championship and it was bursting at the seams (of the vats) with excitement.

When the champions arrived in Milwaukee after the seventh game there was a question as to whether the parade in their honor was going to be held in automobiles or boats with the way the beer was flowing in that city. The city was in complete chaos that first night and for a week after, as the feverish pitch of the excitement of finally, after five years, winning the World's Championship was at its boiling point. The Braves had won it and Milwaukee fans certainly showed their appreciation in a big way.

# THE 1957 FOOTBALL SEASON

The 1957 football season is in full swing now as it sweeps into its fifth big week.

At the date of this writing Holy Cross had a record of 2-1-1 and was showing signs of being a strong team.

Boston College, Holy Cross arch rival, after being ruined by powerful Navy, bounced back to win three straight games and was proving to be a powerful team.

It appears now that the game between these rivals in November will be a hard, close fight between two strong teams, and also it should be a game with plenty of thrills and plenty of football.

Notre Dame, after having its worst season in the school's history last year, this year has the spark and fight of previous Notre Dame greats. They have won three straight to this date, the last one against the Army, probably will stand out as the most thrilling game of the year. In this game, played at Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium before 90,000 cheering fans, Notre Dame came from behind to beat Army by the score of 23-21 when Sickles split the uprights with a 27-yd. field goal with just minutes remaining in the game. In the game, Notre Dame under coach Terry Brennan, again looked like the "Fighting Irish" teams of old.

### Winter Sports Beginning

Although this is still October the professional winter sports seasons have already begun. The Boston Celtics and the Boston Bruins appear to be even stronger than last year. At this point of the season it is dangerous to pick champions but the Kernel has decided to go out on a limb and predicts that the Boston Celtics will repeat as the World Champions in basketball, and that the Boston Bruins will go all the way and become the champs in hockey.

Now, if we could just get the Red Sox into the spirit of things Massachusetts would be a great sports center.

That's all for this issue. So long!

# "Champs" Open Dec. 4

The W. S. T. C. basketball "champions" open their 1957-58 basketball season Dec. 4. The first game on the schedule is against the Rhode Island College of Education. The lancers had a fairly easy time of it against R. I. C. E. last year, but they will run up against a vastly improved team this year with many of the regulars of last season returning. Our pick is Worcester.

Worcester also will be handicapped by the fact that the new gymnasium being built will not be completed till the fall of 1958. As of now, there is no knowledge of any gym available for practices and for W. S. T. C. home games. Mr. Eager, coach of the champs, plans to start practice the first week in November. Due to several difficulties, it is believed that practice will be held at night.

Another handicap for the champs is the loss of co-captain, Paul (Dipper) King and Paul Welcome. King had been a standout on the Lancers in his freshman and sophomore years, taking team high scoring honors each year. Welcome also was a standout as a freshman last year on the title winning team.

This year's team will be led by vets captain "Berger" McDevitt, senior, Bob and Bill Dunne, juniors, Nunny George and Bennie O'Leary, sophomores; it is hoped to be stregthened by the addiion of some promising freshman talent. Let's hope the boys keep up the good work and take the championship again in 1957-58. Good luck Lancers!

Also let's not forget that the Student Activiy Fee covers all the home games. It won't cost you a cent to root for your favorite team and everyone knows that any team needs a lot of support. Let's not let the boys down; they deserve 100% support from the entire student body and faculty. We all have a team to be proud of.

Schedule:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dec. | 4, | Rice at Worcester |
| Dec. | 7, | Keene at Keene |
| Dec. | 10, | Westfield at Westfield |
| Dec. | 12, | Lowell at Worcester |
| Dec. | 16, | Assumption at Assumption |
| Jan. | 3, | Rice at Rice |
| Jan. | 7, | Boston at Boston |
| Jan. | 9, | Fitchburg at Worcester |
| Jan. | 14, | Salem at Salem |
| Jan. | 16, | Westfield at Worcester |
| Jan. | 30, | Willimantic at Worcester |
| Feb. | 4, | Fitchburg at Fitchburg |
| Feb. | 6, | Keene at Worcester |
| Feb. | 11, | Lowell at Lowell |
| Feb. | 13, | Boston at Worcester |
| Feb. | 14, | Assumption at Worcester |

# LANCERS TO PRACTICE AT CHANDLER ST. JR. HIGH

# SOPHOMORE NEWS

Well, here we are, back again this year after a wonderful summer. Our class is already divided into elementary and secondary sections. There are four elementary sections and two secondary sections. In previous years this division has occured in the Junior year.

We sincerely hope that the transfer students to the sophomore class are now getting along alright. From what I heard they were somewhat confused at first.

The sophomore class officers are as follows: Stanley "Gerry" Nelson, president; Mary O'Gorman, vice-pres.; Florence Gure, secretary; Donald McGrath, treasurer. The members of the Student Council are: Joan Bruazis and Mertyle Trembly.

The Welcome Freshman Dance, sponsored by the sophomore class, was held in the May Street School gymnasium on Friday, October 3, 1957. The dance was well attended. We sincerely hope that everyone had a good time at the dance. We would like to thank: Miss O'Donnell, Miss Smith, Dr. Riordon, Dr. William Sullivan, and Dean Shea who acted as chaperones at the dance.

Our skit, which was presented on October 9, consisted of two parts. In the first part the sophomore girls presented a "mad" hat show. In the second part of the skit the sophomore boys presented a murder mystery with commercials. By the way, what was the name of that beer again?

The Swampscott delegate from the sophomore class was John Manning. On October 15, he gave an interesting talk on the trip in assembly.

We were very sorry to hear that Joe Shaughnessy was in the hospital. By the time this paper is in print we hope that Joe will be out of the hospital. His ready wit and his friendly nature is missed by many sophomores.

We will be back in the next issue.

B.Q., F.S., J.D.

# "US GIRLS"

**By Jean Jackola**

In past years, we have been fortunate to hold our activities during noon hour. This proved to be very successful. We are however forced to discontinue this schedule, due to the obvious absence of a gymnasium.

It was suggested that the association hire an outside gym and hold sports after school. This idea was temporarily discarded when it was noted that other years the attendance at our after school activities was very low. It did not seem worthwhile to hire a gym for the benefit of a handful of girls. (If, however, at some future time interest is great enough to warrant such a rental, the board will reconsider.)

It was agreed that bowling seemed to be the most popular sport, according to a recent sports poll of the female student.

After a few practice sessions, teams will be organized for those interetsed in competing. The WAA has in past years shared the expense of bowling, and will contribute even more this season.

Florence Gure and LouAnne Warner are the co-heads of the sport. Try to attend; no special talents are necessary. Miss Dorothy Stafford, our advisor, has kindly offered "to instruct all girls who bowl below 71½." Plan to join us!

Your W.A.A. officers for the year are:

Acting President and Vice President, Jean Jackola; Secretary, Jean Allen; Treasurer, Vickie Jarvis.

The board members are soon to be elected. Be thinking of activities you would like to have sponsored—and "shine up your bowling shoes. You'll be stepping out!"

# Through Hornrimmer Glasses

The people who know me will tell you that I'm the last person who would ever kill a party and I've believed that a person should be able to do what he wants to do with what he has. Don't get me wrong, I'm strictly the 'live and let live' type, but holy shades of Tom McGrain, this jazz that Mike Todd put on is ridiculous.

At an age when brotherly love and the golden rule is at its complete height, guys should be able to find better things to do with their bucks. I'm sure that East Podunck could use a new east wing to Memorial Grammar or that the Society for Aged Audagio Dancers could use a shot in the arm. Seriously, it was just a plain waste.. To put it into language that Secondaries can understand, this is is like throwing away Nick Pacella's system or setting fire to Frank Crimmin's bank book.

I'm not trying to get you all in a revival meeting attitude but lets face it there are a lot of people in this world that need a free tuna fish sandwich more than Walter Cronkite needs overtime or Elsa Maxwell needs champagne. Of coarse this is just one guy's opinion and nobody ever listened to me in the past so I don't suppose that I'll be getting any demands for a retraction. I still say that P. T. Barnum put on a better circus and I always preferred popcorn to champagne.

We could look at it in a different light. Elsa said that Mike showed imagination and charm with this party. Maybe when I start showing imagination and charm I'll have a Liz to come home to also. The program did serve one purpose. It gave me a chance to figure out that the $3.49 in my pocket should carry me through the week end if I don't go to any parties.

Sea, surging out beyond my sight
Your icy spells distort my fears
I stand alone, my soul in flight
The mounting pressure forces tears.
Each wave leaps forth, laughs and breaks,
Another and another takes its place.
Endless as the sea of life, of mocking fools,
Of lashing tongues, of ridicules.
Success never rides wings of ease
But it insensitive to mocking pleas.
So be thee victim aware of this,
Beware the critical abyss.

# The Acorn

Vol. XV. Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, December 17, 1957 No. 2


# Merry Christmas To All

## FACULTY PROFILE

Friends! Are you confused because your instructor resembles a student? Don't worry your li'l ole heads and fret about it. That man is no other than Dr. Paul Holle, professor of natural sciences. He is easily recognized by his long white coat (Dr. Kildaire??) and his unruly, blonde hair (a la Sen. Kennedy). Both characteristics are becoming to his witty, straightforward, and charming personality.

DR. PAUL HOLLE

Paul Holle (no shirker, he) has known the meaning of industry ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper in Indiana. He was the fourth child in a family of five, all of whom learned to speak German before they spoke English. During his school years, he diligently worked side by side with his father on their farm, raising pure-bred cattle and pursuing experimental planting for Purdue University.

His grammar school days were spent in a rural school where the pot-bellied stove was the main attraction. The interesting feature was that the pupils who sat near the stove were slightly roasted, and those who sat further away had frozen ink Following graduation

(Continued on Page 5)

## SENIORS ON PARADE

This month, the **ACORN** would like to have you meet Eugenia Pepi and Paul Sullivan, two popular representatives of our Senior Class at W.S.T.C.

JEAN PEPI

Jean is a graduate of North High School, class of 1954. While there she was very active in class and school functions such as the French club, camera club, a member of their cheerleaders and other clubs.

Here at W. S. T. C Jean has compiled an excellent record of accomplishment, one to be envied by many. Jean is currently president of the Student Advisory Council, president of Kappa Delta Pi, vice-president of the French Club, a member of the **Acorn** and is on the yearbook committee.

Jean is planning to teach on the secondary level in the city upon graduation and with her teaching ability, charming personality and jovial disposition, she will certainly be an asset to any school system.

PAUL SULLIVAN

Paul graduated from Roslidale High School a Boston suburb, in 1953. In high school Paul was active in social events, clubs, and athletics (baseball & track).

At State Teachers College Paul has continued his success. His popularity has elected him as president of the class of 1958. He is also active in clubs such as Newman Club, Glee Club, Dramatic Club and S. N. E. A

Paul, a born leader, plans to do a hitch with the Marine Corps for three years. He will enter as a second lieutenant upon graduation.

After his date with Uncle Sam, Paul intends to teach on the secondary level in the vicinity of Boston.

HELEN FITZGERALD

## Junior Prom Is a Success

The 1957 Junior Prom, put on by the class of 1959, was a tremendous success. The colorful event was held on Nov. 22, at the beautiful Wachusett Country Club just outside of Worcester. The music was under the leadership of Jerry Hedin and was received with great pleasure throughout the Friday evening by the couples.

Dr. Shea, the Junior class advisor, worked strenuously along with the class officers and other members of the prom committee. Class officers are: Bob Dunne—President, Mo McCarthy-Vice-President. Barbara Lyons—Secretary, Tom Durkin—Treasurer, Beverly Heeley and Helen Fitzgerald—Social Chairmen.

The chaperones were President and Mrs. Sullivan, Dr. and Mrs. Saunders, Dr. and Mrs. Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Shaughnessy, Dr. Sullivan and Miss Morris. At approximately 10:00 P.M., the girls were asked to dance with their escorts and the judges selected the queen and her four attendants. Bob Dunne announced the selection of Helen Fitzgerald as Queen of the Prom. Her gown was of a beautiful red hue. Helen was escorted by Bobby Johnson, graduate and former athlete of WSTC. The following girls were chosen as Helen's attendants: Lucille Banionis, Christine Williamson, Helen O'Connor and Barbara Fletcher. Congratulations to you girls!

The music concluded shortly before midnight and the many couples adjourned after a very enjoyable evening.

## The Non-Intellectualism of the Average American College Student

There is a prevailing attitude among today's college students which is directed against the intellectual life and it's responsibilities. We cannot blame this entire ly upon the anti-intellectual tradition of America. The individuals concerned are at fault. The student has a primary duty to seek the truth, which can be known only through the rigid intellectual disciplines which are necessary for sound and correct thinking. It is a student's obligation to develop these disciplines properly, and this can only be achieved through constant studying, reading and speculative inquiry.

The average college student is too occupied with memorizing facts and figures without reflecting on their full significance. These students merely parrot back the material to the professor. Their knowledge consequently is of little use.

It is especially important that we who are to become teachers realize the necessity of developing our intellectual habits, for without these we can never become competent teachers.

**Perhaps** it is necessary that we become acquainted with the science of logic, for logic is the basic instrument with which we determine a truth. Only too often does a student readily give his assent to the profuse, illogical and unfounded concepts which he encounters in his readings or **conversations.** He is negligent in examining the many implications of these ideas and consequently he fabricates his own intellectual shroud.

Let us remember, "ex nihilo nihil fit." Our college years provide the most adequate circumstances for the establishment of solid and wholesome intellectual habits. Therefore let us take advantage of the present opportunities.

JOHN J. SCOTT,

## Christmas Reflection

Soon this cry will be echoing through the corridors of Worcester Teachers. Students and faculty will be making their way homeward. The holiday season with its hustle and bustle has started, or has it?? Are we now entering a holy and happy period of time which will be climazed by religious services of all faiths on December 25, Christmas Day, or are we slipping again into another rut of commercialism, a time only for exchanging of gifts, office parties and a purposeless round of celebrations. Since the middle of November the public has been bombarded with advertisements stressing "the perfect gift for him or her"; stores are decorated with trees, lights, and ornaments. Are these decorations proclaiming the joy and happiness we feel at the anniversary of the birth of Christ or are they merely for the honor and glorification of the many, products within the walls of the celebrated emporiums these devices decorate.

The hustle and bustle preceding Christmas is fine but should it start before Thanksgiving has rolled around? Are we to think that the Christmas season begins and ends with the football season. I think not.

Is Christmas to become but another of the trends towards commercialism the American public is constantly accused of, or is it to remain as a period where we can put aside, for a time, the worldliness surrounding us and contemplate and rejoice in the holy and happy days of Christmas. If we should all strive to make these approaching holidays ones which will truly portray the true spirit of Christmas, I'm sure that after the tree is taken down, the ornaments packed away, and the last scrap of tinsel swept from the hearth, we will feel in our hearts that this has been a Merry Christmas.

Tom Fitzgerald.

## CLUB NEWS

### A. C. E.

On October 1 the A.C.E. held its Reception and Tea. The A.C.E. Card Party on November 12 at the Father John Power Center was a huge success

### DRAMATIC CLUB

The members of the Dramatic Club are busy preparing for the W.S.T.C. annual play. This year's play—Our Miss Brooks.

### STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Student Christian Association was the sponsor of the Thanksgiving collection This collection was to help provide needy families with a Thanksgiving dinner.

### INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

The International Relations Club saw a film on the Middle East on the first of November.

### Literary Club

The aim of the Literary Club is develop an interest in literature by discussing books and plays and to inspire an interest in the evaluation of reading.

### Student Christian Association

The Student Christian Association tends to aid Protestant people who search for fulfillment in their understanding of God. The group meets once each month.

(Continued on Page 4)

# The Acorn

**The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly; it is printed by the Saltus Press, located at 63 Myrtle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.**

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|---|---|
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## EDITORIAL

During recent weeks, in fact during recent years there has been a great deal of comment among the students concerning the lack of school spirit at W.S.T.C. The spirit of the students is definitely not what it should be. It is hardly existent. A sober and realistic evaluation seems to be in order, in fact, requisite. Nor can the value of school spirit be overestimated.

Unless this abominable situation is remedied quickly, it is liable to become, if it has not already, an extremely detrimental reflection not only on our school, but the faculty and the students as well. Many excuses have been given quite freely by various students for this lack of spirit, but no reasons. Truly there can be no acceptable excuse; there is no reason, but there is fault.

Who should receive the brunt of criticism? Who is most at fault? What can be done? To answer the first questions first, the main blame must be placed on the student body. The "actively interested" group of students is smothered by the apathy of the mass, and rendered impotent. But the faculty too must accept some blame, whether that blame is justifiable or not. Any reflection upon the students, good or bad, must of itself reflect likewise upon the faculty. It seems reasonable to assume that any solution to this very real problem must be accomplished by a co-operative effort of both students and faculty. It is both a challenge and a duty that we do something tangible.

Any official organization would probably be useless—there are too many of these as it is, most of which have little or nothing to recommend them, many of which, in a sense, work against each other. Some other method of solution is required.

It is the proposal of the **Acorn** that a meeting place of faculty and student representatives be found. Let each section elect a representative to meet with a number of faculty members in open discussion with the hope and purpose that some positive action will result. Let this be a nucleus for the development of ideas—ideas of cause and ideas of solution.

This editorial is meant as a challenge to students and faculty alike, and must be met by both—or dismissed by both.

J. M.

## WORDS

Trite, redundant, and pedantic,
Frenzied, furious, terribly frantic;
Cacophonies of clanging and clashing cliches,
Contributions of pseudo-intellectual soirees;
Propagated by thoroughly educated fools,
Supplying the less imaginative with tools
To disrupt the serenity of meditation,
To disturb the solitude of sweet cogitation.
—— Oh, for one true thought.

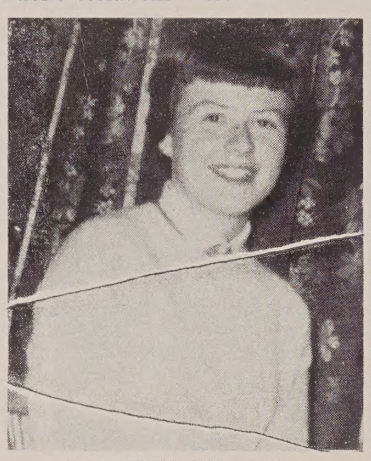
La —

## Seniors on Parade

**CAROL A. ROSEEN**
**Vice-President of Class of1958**

High School Activities — North High, Worcester—Basketball, Field Hockey, Tennis, Ski Club Vice-President, Latin Club, President's Council, Record Board, Vice-President of class of 1954.

College Activities—W.A.A. Board member—last year and this year. A.C.E., Kappa Delta Pi, Student Public Relations Association.



**DOROTHY SULLIVAN**
**Vice-President of Class of 1958**

High School Activities — North High School — Basketball, Field Hockey, Tennis, Bowling, French Club, Glee Club Vice-President, Mixed Chorus, President's Council, Ski Club, Horace Mann, Honor Student.

College Activities — Newman Club, A.C.E., Audio-Visual Aids Club, S.P.R.A, Student N.E.A., W.A.A. board member in Sophomore year and Secretary in Junior year, Kappa Delta Pi.

## Freshman Dating Bureau

Eight members of the Class of '61 have formed a date bureau under the officers of their class, for the good of the Freshmen and their Prom.

The members in the different sections are:

F-1 Helen Barry
F-2 Joe Cooney
F-3 Jacqueline Elia
F-4 Shelia Johnson
F-5 Jo-Ann McCann
F-6 Marylin Peters
F-7 Teddy Provo
F-8 Suzan Sullivan

Since most of the Freshmen do not know all the members of their class it seems advisable to form a committee of this type.

The F.D.B., as it will be called, hopes to keep its activities as quiet as possible and therefore not embarass any of the students that make use of its benefits.

The F.D.B. will draw up a list of the names of those who would like to attend the Prom but do not have dates and it will do what it can to provide them with escorts.

P.S —The Freshman Dating Bureau does not intend to deal with such problems as, the inability to dance, financial troubles, or **fixing-up married students.**

J. COONEY

## Faulty Faults

I love parades! There are few things in today's exciting and wonderful civilization which are more interesting, more exhilarating. I can brave cold and rain and heat and snow, standing for hours, in order to see a colorful parade from beginning to end. No sight is more pleasant to me than row upon row of resplendent marchers, group after group of bands and brotherhoods, mile after mile lively sights—lavish floats, pretty girls, prancing horses, sure-stepping regiments. Oh, so many wondrous things!

But before I get carried away by my exuberance, let's look at parades in different places in America and even the world.

The variety of parades is limitless. First of all there is the military parade, consisting of military things. The parade is led by the stern officers and their staffs. Then there is an almost endless stream of flags and banners, followed by hundreds or even thousands of marching men; and each regiment of soldiers is separated by imposing monsters of destruction. Overhead the roar of jets plays its martial accompaniment. The wonder and beauty of this parade lies in its contagious feeling of power.

Next for our notice is an almost opposite type of parade—I call it a "happy" parade. This parade is usually of local origin and celebrates some glorious event of the past or present. Leading this would be the important local, perhaps state, officials. Then come the ever-present flags and banners; local military units and local organizations follow with their own bands of course. And we mustn't neglect the intricate, beautifully intricate floats and their counterparts, the pretty girls. Nor can we ignore the effect of this type of parade is one of gaiety and joy.

Yet another type of parade might be called the "Victory" parade. The focal point of this is the victorious group of football players, national heroes, or any such group which has just won a great victory. The banners and flags are all about; the rest is made up of followers and well-wishers. The "victory" parade is unique in its aura of glory.

The last type I would like to mention is the "sad" parade— the funeral entourgae. Nor is it less a type of parade than the others, for, in truth, the only difference lies in its destination and its finality. It is distinguished by its silence only.

The parade is not a new idea, it is native to no culture. It is not a product of civilization. The ancient cultures of the Orient had parades. The Romans and Greeks had theirs'. The chivalrous knights of the Dark Ages theirs'. Only recently the "terrible" Russians had a parade commemorating the Bolshevik revolution.

But we, the American people, are the greatest "paraders" in the world, past and present. We shall have a claim to history as that nation which had more and bigger and better parades than any other nation, and should by justifiably proud of this accomplishment. We have our Mardi Gras, our Rose Bowl Parade, a parade for every worthwhile event — in fact we sometimes manage to have a parade for no reason at all — the "parade for parade's sake."

The one gripe I have against parades in America is that they end so soon after they begin. Few last longer than two or three hours. Just as the people are worked to a frenzy by the stirring sights passing by them, the last of the bands and banners pass—and then life starts again.

But I have neglected one very important part of the parade. The throng which watches, the mass of people. And sad as it is, these masses of men and women may never get a chance to be in a really great parade, with the exception of their own funeral, which perchance may be small and insignificant, especially to them. But I have a solution for this problem.

I propose that an entire week be set aside for the parade of all parades. This parade would take place all over the nation, though to be practical it would necessarily be made up of many parades. What a wonderful parade it could be. There is no space here to present a detailed plan of arrangement but I will mention a few high points.

First come the nations leaders—in all their pomposity and righteousness. Then banners and flags. Then the stout members of exalted organizations (their faces are red from exertions of the spirit I'm sure, and not from spirits.) These are followed closely by the military (complete with tanks and jet accompaniment.) Then come varying groups of lavish floats, pretty girls, prancing horses, sure-stepping regiments — Oh, so many wondrous things!

To go further in details is unnecessary. It remains only to choose a time and name. The time! How about the first week in April. The name—let's see, the first week in April—of course, All Fools Parade!

I love parades!

J. M.

## Time of Death

So soon the time of death is looming,
So near the fateful bells are booming.
I have no thought of it,
Nor have I dread within.
For man is lost, no hope shall save
Him from his rotting, restless grave.

Is this so wrong, so very sad?
What thing of earth can make him glad?
Not love or wealth or power,
Nor thought of sweet tomorrow.
Each man is lost, no joy can save
Him from his rotting, restless grave.

J. M.

# The Frustrated Dragon Wagger

Setting—King's palace in East Yanhow.

The King, Sir Morbid Mordred, dressed in his ivy league armor with buttoned down links is pacing the floor, chewing cigarette holder.

Knights of Old are in hushed huddle around square table, ears glued to castle's Hi-Fi blaring, Concert by the Mal de Mer by Mr. Improvisation, Lancelot Garner.

1st Knight: Man, dig that crazy harpsichord.
2nd Knight: Yeah man, real cool.

King in wrath: Forsooth ye knights, I am beguiled. I wist that ye may fiercely pledge to rid my realm of yon ferocious dragoness. I am smitten by sorrow. In foul hideousness, she hath destroyed all lovely damsels.

Pledge, avenge, slay this creature who darest leave sole ugly dames—er—damsels!

All Knights pledge.

King: Alas, who will seeketh her out amid fierce peril and inter her in the cold earth?
Sir Percival Poorstroke, flower of all noble Knights, jumpeth forth eagerly.

I will slay this creature! Man, like I say, I'll slay her!

He charges out to his dasher—er—he dashes out to his charger and amid a burst of cheers of 'Long Live Percy' (Percy was his knightname) he rushes forth. Lo, in his eager simplicity, he jumps the moat, a most difficult endeavor with the drawbridge up—and rides off into the setting spheroid.

Checking his speedometer, he kneweth that he had reached Dragoness Headquarters. Lo, dismounting gracefully, he picketh himself off the sod, brusheth his pin striped leggings, and crept, sword raised, through the underbrush. Suddenly he saw it—Draggy's Waterfront Cave, and thus she standeth—Lola LaDragon, beautiful in a slimy green A shaped gown, with flaming mouth and tongue hanging to one side.

Standing tensely, he awaited the charge-ho. She ambleth over with thundering sway, openeth her grosse bec and spake:

Say Knighto, what is yon latest gossip? What's with the goings on at the castle?

Percy's blue blood turnedeth white, and he fell in a fatal swoon from relief.

ACT II: King's palace. King's crown barely visible over top of ditch he is standing in. (Fault or crevice caused by continued pacing.)

One lonely Knight is groveling in the corner, speaking thusly: 'Awake ye hence, little Suzie!' Jester is engrossed in opposite corner with TV commercial: 'Excalibur works good, like a sword should.'

King: Alas, I hath nothing. All noble Knights are stinted by yon miserable wretch of a dragoness wench. Alas, whereforth shall I go? Whatforth shall I do? Ah, but there is a tide in the affairs of men that taken at the flood lead on to drowning!

Espying Sir Bevidere de Bogis, he sayeth— —
I loath to send thee forth, yet make thee haste, twere best ye try afore we are undone. Prithee go forth and slay yon dragoness.

Thus the noble King spake.

The Knight maketh to his steed, rode with zeal into the dusk, deeply enwrapped in thought and raccoon coat

A fortnit hath passedeth and lo, the Knight returneth in triumph. Alighting from his horse that he bestrad well, he recountedeth his battle. The dragoness had met the bur of his sword. Proof withal, the wagging tongue.

King: 'Tis done, brave Knight. I bequeath thee one half my realm and the hand of fair maiden Gueneverd. Rejoice—Sir Galihood is henceforth to present yon tale as a spectacular on his show—You Envisioned It.

My subjects, here standeth the noblest Knight

Turneth toward Knight:
Why look ye so fiercely? Speak, Sir, hast thou naught to say?

Knight: Enough of this jazz, where's the doll?

Thus endeth this noble tale. It treateth of dragons, Knights, and Kings. Ye that come tither be aware that the tongue that waggeth, really waggeth, man!

(In all goodness to Sir Thomas Malory and Wm. Shakespeare)

Euterpe

**FRESHMAN PROM COMMITTEE**

**L. to R. — Roland Varin, Carol Piekiel, Mary Jane McGrail, Brian Sullivan, Jacqueline Elia, Joe Cooney.**

# Book Review

**THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG**

**By Richard Mason**

This is the touching story of a young Chinese girl who falls in love with an Englishman. Robert Lomax, an amateur artist, moves to the inexpensive Nam Kok hotel to paint, unaware of the type of establishment he has invaded. This hotel is one of the many brothels in Hong Kong continually filled with soldiers and Chinese girls.

With Robert, one learns to know the Nam Kok girls as human beings, with their loves and hates, their dreams, their desires and most of all, their loyalties.

Suzie Wong, one of the "girls" engages in these immoral activities as a necessary means to raise money to send her baby son to school, rather than have him grow up illiterate like herself.

Love comes to Suzie, then heartbreak. Yet without "book learning," she still manages her life competently. You will not forget the enchanting and wonderful memories of Suzie that linger after the book is completed. The story is very warm and human and one can learn the meaning of life from the characters.

Richard Mason, the author, was born in Hale, England, in 1919. He is an avid traveler and has been to many countries including the Far East. Two of his other novels are **The Wind Cannot Read,** his first, and **The Shadow and the Peak.**

A. B. O.

# JUNIOR JOTS

Anybody notice that gleam in the eyes of the Juniors these days? Yes, we're finally sporting that long-awaited class ring. Many thanks to Mal Kilborn for doing such a great job as our ring committee chairman. You certainly did hurry things along, Mal.

During the past few months, a special gleam has been observed radiating from the "third finger, left hand" of the newly engaged. The best of everything to Bev Heeley, Gail Anish, Joan Leventhal, Georgine Bauer, Harriet Brody; and we all wish a lifetime of happiness to Mrs. Jane (Shenkowski) Umphrey.

By this time, the "Social Event of the Season" is something we will long remember. Our prom was a great success, due in no small part to the well-organized committees. Publicity was certainly well taken care of under the able supervision of Lucille Banionis. Our skits went over well according to latest campus survey. The Junior class "dramatic club" has blossomed forth with an outstanding example of their artistry to further proclaim this "grande balle" to the Lancers. The evening of November 22nd was highlighted by the crowning of our lovely queen, Helen Fitzgerald. Her court was comprised of Christian Williamson, Helen O'Connor, Barbara Fletcher, and Lucille Banionis.

D. T. H.
The Junior Jotter

# FRESHMEN CHATTER

After being in school for over three months, we are nearly adjusted to college life. No longer do we have to conceal our schedules from upper classmen. We know how precious our spare time is, and try to spend every minute of it in a useful way. We have become thoroughly acquainted with our fellow freshmen, not to mention the sophomores, juniors, and seniors. Perhaps, these are slight exaggerations but they are hopes for the future.

We wish to congratulate the following class officers: Brian Sullivan, president; Terry O'Hara, vice-president; Priscilla Bickford, secretary; Marilyn Peters, treasurer; Susan Sullivan and Richard MacNeil, Student Council members; Mary Jane McGrail and Gerald Coleman, social chairmen.

January 10, 1958, is a date already circled on every freshmen calendar. To those who might be unaware, St. Bernard's hall on Lincoln Street will be the scene of our prom. Joe Cooney has kindly consented to run a date bureau, so there will not be any "frustrated freshmen" at the time of our prom. Simply dial, Dateline 0-0000.

A vote of thanks to the sophomores for their welcoming dance. It was the opportunity to meet that certain someone we had noticed at school.

To all fellow students, we leave this following wish—
Christmas, Oh Christmas stand still
in thy flight,
And let us prepare with all of our
might
For the best of parties, and the
best of good cheer,
And the best of good wishes for
the coming year.

Mary Doherty
Carol Pikiel

# "US GIRLS"

**By Jean Jackola**

Irene Winski, LuAnn Warner, Florence Gure, Gail Richards, Adrienne Sherman—ever hear of these five girls? You should have. They are just a few of the W.A.A.'s champion bowlers. These girls set a very rapid pace.

I do not want you to think that we are all champion bowlers. We are not. I have been hoping for the past few weeks that a few more novices would find their way to the Century Alleys on Trumbull Street. They would immediately feel welcome—especially if they joined the girls in Alley No. 2. We may not score high, but we have a wonderful time trying.

Thanks to your cooperation and participation, the Thursday bowling has been a huge success. Your W.A.A. board is now considering courses at the Y.W.C.A. By using the club's facilities, instructors, gymnasium and pool, the W.A.A. will eleminate their problem of having no gymnasium here at the college.

Once again, everything depends upon you—your interest, your willingness, your regular attendance at the activities.

The cheerleaders have added five new members to their squad. Carol Clarey, Marcia Bernier, Norma Bruce, and Judy Galena join Eva Rabidear, Pat O'Reilly, Sandra Hickey, Bernice Kavadaras and co-captains Carol Yuskiewicz and Jean Jackola in thanking both the W.A.A. and the M.A.A. for their financial support. "Ten new uniforms coming right up!!!"

# IN MEMORIAM

**JOE**

We all knew him fairly well
He was a **knowable** guy
A big, healthy, smile on his face
And a spirit that wouldn't die.

He wore some sharp and fancy clothes
An ivy league cap and shirt,
Which always kept him in the groove,
And helped to ease his hurt.

Still he talked, and joked, and laughed
And mixed with every kind,
Teachers liked him just as much
But to most his plight was blind.

Homework is now a passe thing
For his **Teacher** is the **Best** you know
We will recall on Graduation Day
The **Smile** of laughing, lovable, **Joe.**

There need be no introduction to "Joe", who was well known by everyone as a personable fellow. Joe's wit brightened more than one dull day, and his smile was one that just never wore off.

Joseph L. Shaughnessy of Oak Street, Clinton, Massachusetts died at West Roxbury Veteran's Hospital, November 3, after a short illness.

We was a Naval Veteran of the Korean Conflict.

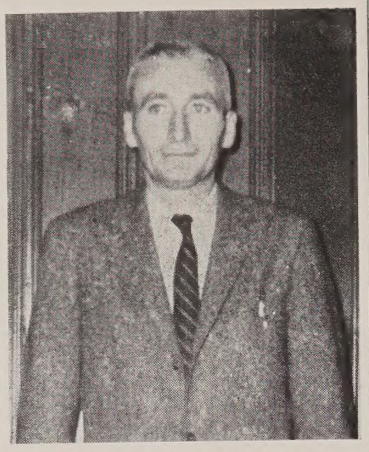
Although Joe was with us only for a short time, he will be missed not only by the Sophomore Class, but by the entire student body and faculty members.

# 'Twas the Day Before the Prom

'Twas the day before the Freshmen Prom and all through the town,
Not a girl was in sight, they were preparing their gowns.
Their stockings were washed and hung up with care,
In hopes that a run soon wouldn't be there.
The girls were all nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of their "beaus" danced in their heads.
And she in her 'kerchief and tight beauty cap,
Had just settled down for a short restless nap.
When in her dream there arose such a clatter,
She sprang from her bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window she flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave the image of romance to the objects below.
When, what to her wondering eyes should appear,
But a "Lancer Eight" with her lover so dear.
With a white collared chauffeur to drive them around,
While they were having their fun, painting the town.
More rapid than eagles they passed every light;
They lost track of every officer that came into sight,
Now Ronnie! Now Mary! Now Ellen and Eddie with Joan and John, and Steve and Betty,
To St. Bernard's the center of attraction,
Where the Prom will be, with plenty of action.
So down to St. Bernards' their chauffeur did fly,
And they were all there in a blink of the eye.
While she was fixing her hair and turning around
Up the stairs ran her date with a leap and a bound.
He was dressed in a suit of charcoal that was certainly his best,
And his clothes were sharp, pressed, and ready to meet the test.
A box full of flowers were flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how small!
His cheeks were like roses, Oh what a doll!
His droll little mouth was puckered and ready,
And the clean shaven face belonged to her steady.
He was handsome and slender, a jolly old elf,
She smiled when she saw him in spite of herself.
A twist of his neck and twitch of his eye,
Soon led her to know the trouble was his bow tie.
To him, she was the only queen,
And off to the prom that would be supreme.

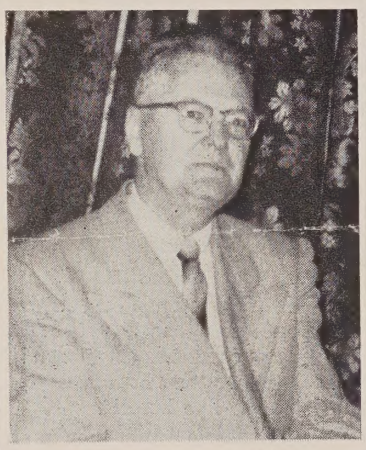
Mary Doherty
Carol Pikiel

# Meet the Deans



DR. JOSEPH SHEA
Academic Dean

MISS MARGUERITE McKELLIGETT
Dean of Women



DR. WALTER BUSAM
Dean of Men

# Club News

(Continued from Page 1)

**Association for Childhood Education**

This organization for future kindergarten, primary, and elementary teachers tries to promote better understanding of children. The two main projects of the association are to elect delegates to the International Conference and to send children to camp each summer .

**Le Cercle Francais**

This club attempts to better the understanding of French life and to bring about a greater fluency in speaking French.

**NEWMAN CLUB**

The Newman Club of WSTC hel its first monthly meeting on November 19. At the meeting Mr Joyal of the college faculty gave an interesting and entertaining talk about his adventures in France and Normandy. All members then participated in a "cootie party" which rose many a grin and chuckle. The winners of the game were Eleanor Brosnihan and John Dowling who were awarded very special prizes. Refreshments culminated the evening of fun.

December 17 is the date of the Newman Club Christmas party which will be held at the college. We're all going—why don't you!

# THE JAZZ SCENE

Before World War I some jazz musicians had begun to drift out of New Orleans, working their way north on the river boats which plied the Mississippi. These little river boat bands were the first jazz influence upon such white musicians as the trumpeters Bix Beiderbecke and Louis Armstrong and the pianist "Hoagy" Carmichael.

In Chicago, which had by now become a center for the jazz idiom, Armstrong's fame and influence among musicians grew enormously, and he very quickly became the pre-eminent figure in jazz.

The Chicago style itself was similar to that of New Orleans music in that it accented two beats of every measure, but was nervously explosive and lacked the more easily flowing power of expression possessed by the New Orleans bands It is today a dying force in jazz, though occasional small units affect its style, and the Bob Crosby band (1935-1942 )built a national reputation on a big-band version of the original fireman style. Surviving is a form of piano playing known as boogie- woogie, first popularized by a group of Chicago Negro pianists in the middle 1920's.

Up until this time, jazz (or "hot jazz" as it was being called to distinguish it from "sweet music" the dance played by Wayne King, Guy Lombardo, and their followers) had been performed by small units. The impact of Whiteman (Mr. Big Band), however had its effect; Negro bands became larger and began to include more instruments. The saxophone, never used in New Orleans and Chicago days, now became the trade-mark of jazz, while the size of the bands increased from six to twelve men. Chicago-style jazz was still heard, but was considered raw, unrefined, and even old-fashioned; Louis Armstrong, however, was still regarded as the most creative musician in the field.

Dana Straight.

# 5 Years Ago --- W. S. T. C.

The debating society renamed itself the Robert W. Fox Memorial Debating Society in honor of Robert Fox, a former member of this college who was killed in combat in World War II.

* * *

The All-College Dance was held on October 14 in the college gymnasium. Music was supplied by Bill Fanning's Orchestra.

* * *

Mary Jane Harvey was elected president of the Dramatics Club.

* * *

Betty Mahan was the senior representative at the Swampscott Conference.

* * *

On October 21st, the A. C. E. was treated to an illustrted talk on Europe by the Misses Paula Hanrahan and Shirley Makela.

* * *

At the Senior Assembly Eillen McIntyre, president of Kappa Delta Pi, pledged into the society eight members of that class.

* * *

On November 14th, a Gala Sadie Hawkins Dance was sponsored by the M. A. A.

* * *

Three Worcester State Teachers College students were invited to join P. L. O. W. (Poetry League of Worcester). At that time the Teachers College had the distinction of having more members in P. L. O. W. than any other college in the country.

* * *

Robert Ashe and Dolores Lord were sports editors on the **Acorn** Staff.

* * *

On Friday, October 17, the International Relations Club held elections. Arthur Chaves was elected president of the club.

**"A man's eyes are the windows of his soul."**

J. M. T.

# The College Professor

Professor, Professor we want no more tests.
We hunger and thirst for those long winter rests.
Our eyesight is dimming,
While books we are skimming
To earn Phi Beta crests.

Your demands are impossible, lecture notes are a mess.
What's with those quizzes? Do we have to guess?
Us, you don't inspire.
So knowledge we can't acquire.
Professor, Professor what do you profess?

Lenore & Arlene

# The Latest In College Fashions!

**By I. V. League**

Freshmen! Do you feel like outcasts? When Robert Hall walks by does he look at you suspiciously? Are you constantly being mistaken for one of the workmen around school? You are? Well, here's an answer to all your problems! After extensive research on campuses of the most exclusive mental institutions in the country, I have compiled a list of the favorite fashions among inmates. Here you will discover many little hints on how to become outstanding in the college fashion world, handily categorized as to sex and type of dress. Study them carefully, and who knows, some day YOU may be chosen Queen for a Day!

Fashion Style No. 1 The Elvis (male)—this is very popular with Freshmen nowadays, and is characterized by the tight pants, turned up shirt collar, long hair, and the clean, well-scrubbed, little boy face. It is particularly outstanding with a gold lame jacket embroidered by a guitar etched on back in glittering sequins.

Style No. 2 The Tennessee Williams (male)—this is sort of a mature version of the Elvis, except that the face is left unshaven for two days or so. It consists of tight dungarees, a T-shirt ( preferably ripped), and an actual guitar slung about the neck. This guitar may be used to serenade unweildy professors or to carry books between classes.

Style No. 3 The Tennessee Williams (female)—this has been adopted by most students studying dramatics. It consists of a full-sleeved dress and covering pinafore, with the lengths of the skirt not quite to the knees, and a big Baby Snooks ribbon bow perched atop the head like a butterfly about to take off. Quite enchanting when worn with an ingenue air achieved by opening the eyes wide and sticking the thumb in the mouth.

Style No. 4 The Yale, or My Fair Lady look (male)—for those who are full of old college spirit, or any kind of spirits at all. This is the traditional college get-up and marks you right off the bat as a university man! Simply borrow your mother's old raccoon coat, your father's best pipe, and buy any kind of a banner or pennant you want. The Polo Grounds are selling banners cheap this year, I've heard, so you might be able to pick up a bargain there.

Style No. 5 The "Old Salt" (male) — to become a member of this fashion group you must first see your nearest Marine recruiter. After you serve your hitch and return to college you will be well supplied with the articles of clothing necessary to join.

Style No. 6 "Mourning Becomes Electra" (female) — for those who aspire to become a campus femme fatale, this style is quite enticing. Merely dress in black all the time. A pale, washed-out complexion helps to lend an air of mystery that men find quite fatal.

Style No. 7 The Academia or Dante look (male)—for the intellectuals among us. The main ingredients are a long black gown and a wreath of laurels placed on the head. Spouting Latin proverbs or doctor's prescriptions (if you know any) will impress one and all in scholarly fashion.

Style No. 8 The "Sportsman" (male)—most worn by the card sharps in student lounges; a barrel and a pair of suspenders.

Style No. 9 The Garbo or "I Want to be Alone" look (female)—this is a very casual fashion and may be achieved by wearing a thick, baggy, turtle-necked sweater, an old skirt several sizes too large, leaving the hair uncombed in the morning, and using no make-up. Guaranteed to leave you alone!

Style No. 10 The Happy Bohemian (male)—for all hip English majors. This is a gay, carefree fashion wherein the student prances down the corridors in artist smock and beret singing snatches of the chorus of "Student Prince", sporting a Vandyke beard to show his independence of the world. A bottle of champagne clutched tightly in a grubby little hand (and several others hidden underneath the artist's smock in case the Dean gets that one) is essential to give the gay, carfree feeling so necessary for this gay, carefree fashion.

I. V. L.

# SPECIALIZATION

Why are we a nation of specialists? This question has been on my mind, and so without further ado, I came up with a theory of my own.

Let us take the case of Russia and the United States and compare the two opposites of specialization. One type will prevail and I would like to think that ours will.

Russia seems to have put all her resources into the scientific world. She has subsidized education for only those that are capable of doing the work. What happens to the rest of the population? Competition is so keep in Russian education that advancement is slow and in most cases never happens. The average Russian worker has a fifth grade education. The person in Russia who finds the school-doors shut to him works in a factory or on one of the state run collective farms. His job is more or less tailored to fit the needs of the State. Where are the individual freedoms? Where is the freedom of of men's minds and spirit? I maintain that if Russia can propel a missile and have it orbit around the earth, she can also advance the cause of her people and the needs and wants. But this is against the doctrine of the State. Therefore the average Russian family lives in an unheated three room flat, shares the same bed with his wife and children, and he wonders what the rest of the world has and why he cannot have the same.

Now take the United States. We are a nation of nothing but specialists Where would our country be if we were a nation of scientists? We might also have a satellite revolving about the earth, but we would be sacrificing the needs and the wants of our people. Thus the specialist is born. He has the job of satisfying these needs of the people. Obviously a dentist would not be a good mechanic.

This specialization is good for our country. It serves a purpose. It allows men the choice of a chosen field of vocation. Nothing is forced upon us. We are not restricted to a certain field. This results in keener competition among our professions which leads to greater technological advances, all of which benefit mankind.

To sum up our discussion, we might say this: Specialization aids man in many ways. It provides cheaper and more plentiful supplies of goods to our people. It satisfies man's basic need, that of belonging to an organization of some sort. Above all it does not indiscriminate or transgress upon man's freedom of will. This I believe is the case for the specialists.

# Meanwhile Back At The Saloon

Walking down the dusty main street of Hasbeen City, just ain't like the old days of the wild west. In those days, they could never get a law man to take over. They couldn't even get one of the "Twenty-Six Men" because they always got lost in a saloon on the way. Now, it's a different story.

Hasbeen City has so many lawmen that they will be running one another out of town if something doesn't break. Walking through the swinging doors of the Saloon, I am met by a bunch of real tough looking hombres. As I glance around this den of booze, I notice that some of these "tigers" look familiar.

Over on the third stool is, 'Hopalong (make mine sasparilla) Cassidy.' Next to him is, 'Billy the (give me another milk) Kid.' Over in the corner, 'Cisco and Pancho, are arguing to see who buys the next round. 'The Range Rider,' and his side kick, 'Dick West,' are putting on a little pie eating contest for the boys. Table Talk, that is! 'The Lone Ranger and Tonto, have finally separated. (The 'Lone Ranger' found out what 'kimo-sabe' means.) Tonto was getting pretty mad anyhow because he could never think of a way to cover up blood shot eyes.

Most of these "ex world beaters" are sitting around watching TV. (Speaking of TV, Gene Autrey's hair and sideburns are getting longer. So, I think we will be seeing him again, in the near future). Meanwhile, back at the TV set, the boys are talking about current TV lawmen, and by the words they are using, they just don't think that the new blood is winning ball games.

But just a darn minute! They can't talk about our boys that way! We'll give them a contest any day, and even at their home Saloon. How can you possibly beat a team like this: 'Cheyenne' (He's our captain!), Wyatt (so what if I hit dames) Earp, Matt (Chester will carry me home) Dillon, the Sheriff (I like to ride in style, of Cochise, Jim (buy'em by the case) Bowie, and last but not least, Annie (give us six more) Oakley. And what a bench . . . Steve Donovan, Vin Bonner, and old reliable Chester. Chester never missed a blast in his life, even if he had to crawl to it!

I can't possibly see how those old troops will give our new heroes any competition. How can we miss with the Coach of the Year, that is, Wild Bill (Go out there and down them boys) Hickock!

CRIM.

# Through Hornrimmer Glasses

The greatest teacher that this earth has ever known used a method of teaching which has yet to be excelled This is the method of the parable. The parable is effective because, although the lines are double spaced, none of the paper is wasted—there is so much to be read between the lines.

Many years ago in a land, whose name has since been forgotten by historians, there lived a people, the society of which was based upon the military. In this land everything was considered of less importance than the military. The military not only protected the people in this land but it also ruled the government ,economy, and social mores of the people. From the earliest age children were taught what the uniform stood for. To the people of this land the military was the supreme institution.

At one stage in the history of the race it was realized by the ruling faction of the government (called the commonwealth) that the system was not being met each year. Since the profesional soldier in this system was considered to be the most important profession in the land, the problem was considered to be one of great importance.

After many an acrimonious debate on the subject, the commonwealth decided that formal education of future military leaders would do much to alleviate the situation. Schools were set up throughout the land where young hopefuls could learn the trade. In each of these schools people of great knowledge were appointed to take charge of the training. The commonwealth left the entire matter of curriculum to the discretion of these people (who, incidentally, were called deans).

The deans got to work immediately to formulate a curruculum which would cover all phases of the knowledge heeded by a military leader. The fledgelings were taught methods (old and new), philosophy, and technical points of warfare, as well as the basic knowledges required of every soldier. The course of study was certainly outstanding for it even included a time when the student received practical experience at the front lines.

Although the course of study was indeed excellent in structure, the training of the future generals contained one large flaw. Since these students would someday lead and inspire the people of the land, it would seem that they should be well informed to the loves, hates, weaknesses, and problems of all the people. They should be expected to know of the pressures that effected these people in addition to the social practices and standards popularly held. The deans however, took a different view. Although the fledglings were being trained to lead others—they were not trusted to lead themselves. They were coddled and sheltered, chaperoned and overseered. In many cases they were rejected for showing human traits. This education which was given was not only insufficient but it defeated its own purpose. It had been designed to produce capable leaders yet these "leaders" were not given the credit of being able to lead themselves.

# Faculty Profile

(Continued from Page 1)

from a Lutheran parochial school, he enrolled at Decateur High School, where, because of his small stature, he displayed his enthusiasm for sports. Not by active participation in such activities, though, but in the no-less important role of cheerleader. (Rah! Rah!) At the same time, he developed his cultural interests by being an active and ardent member of numerous musical organizations. (Do, Re, Mi ! ! !).

In his second year at Valpariso University the career of this young man was interrupted by a stay in Uncle Sam's Boarding School. His service were spent overseas in three years in the military North Africa, Italy, and Yugoslavia. His work in the army proved to be very interesting, interrogating prisoners of war. Dr. Holle's command of the German language thus proved to be an asset to our country during his period of service.

On returning to Valpariso University, Dr. Holle became a member of Kappa Iota Pi. A fraternity which claims tmong its members such distinguished people as Lowell Thomas, world famous traveler and lecturer, and Ray Sherer, NBC's correspondent to the White House. Dr. Holle found that as a result of his war service he was better equipped to take on the role of student, having acquired a keeness of judgment and ability to organize both his time and his method of study. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1947, with a major in biology and education.

In 1948, further opportunity for advanced study was offered to Paul Holle in the form of a teaching fellowship to the University of Notre Dame, where he received his Masters of Science degree in 1949.

The young scholar joined the faculty of the University of New Hampshire, in February of 1950, as a full time professor in biology and zoology. In the 1950's he continued his doctorate studies and spent one summer working in Bermuda at a biological station, as well as several summers at Woods Hole. He did a great deal of experimenting and investigation and finally completed his dissertation on **Saltmarsh Snails of the Western Atlantic** in 1956. Notre Dame University then conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Since coming to Worcester he has taken up residence with his wife (Yes, he's taken.) and two year old daughter, Elizabeth Adele, in a new home in Shrewsbury, where much of his spare time is given to gardening and collecting antiques. In his busy life, it might be said that nature and its phenomena are always of interest to him, a fitting enthusiasm for a man of science.

We'd like to ask Dr. Holle, members of the faculty, and anyone else reading this column to pardon us for taking the liberty to insert remarks of a jocular vein. It was all written good-naturedly and we hope the facts were not distored. Dr. Holle, we hope your stay at W.S.T.C. is extensive as well as enjoyable. Thank you for your cooperation and entertaining comments during the interview.

J.M.T., L.T.L., and A.F.M.

# The Kernel Says

## "Lancers" Aided by New Additions

The W.S.T.C. defending champions are a good bet to keep the league crown in Worcester for at least another year. New additions from the freshman class have proved themselves capable of adequately filling the vacant positions.

In the past two weeks the Lancers have scrimmaged Clark University and Leicester Junior College. The Champs have held their own against good competition and should be well on their way to another championship season. (We hope).

Mr. Eager has posted the varsity team which lines up as follows: Varsity—Captain Fran "Berger" McDevitt, Nunny George, Bob Dunne, Bennie O'Leary, Tommy Murphy, Bruce Boldac, Dick Brierly, Joe O'Connor, Norm Foisy, Jack Simoncini, Jim Cooney and Ronald Speckauskis.

Coach Eager has much depth and quite a variety of players making up his varsity club. Speed, height, rebounding and a lot of spirit make the Lancers a dangerous club in competition. Most of the talent being underclassmen makes W.S.T.C. a potent club for the next few years.

The Chandler Street Junior High Gym will be the site for the Lancers first home game against the Rhode Island College of Education team. This tilt is dated for December 4. The remainder of the home games will be played at the South High School Gymnasium . . . We'll see you all there.

## VAPOR TRAIL

Creeping slowly across the sky,
Thin and clear, fading, widening,
Dieing now, extinguished by
The atmosphere, I see you make
Your way on, Vanish across
The west, fall, and die
In a setting ball of flame.

Now your streaked tail is
Painted pink and left a wisp
Of feather on a blue sea
That will swallow you in a
Moment, for the sky is an eternity
And you are man with but
A brief height of beauty;
Then wander, wither, disintegrate
And die.

# Senior Scoop

Now that the elementary's are back you can offer congratulations to the following of our newly engaged classmates: Helen Such, Carol Roseen, and Jean Collaro. Congratulations are also in store for Joe Sarli and Phil Anastas who were recently married. Neither is ready to be quoted on the new home cooking. Just like mother used to buy, boys?

With the Mayflower out of business, you can find Grace Trainor, Pat Moynihan, Sheila Morrissey, Pat McCourt, Mary LeBlanc and Ellie Sullivan buzzing over the tables at the Normandy.

Will congratulations soon be in order for Bill Owens and Alice—?

Want to learn how to dance? We have quite a few good dancers in Sr. Elementary I. Lessons in the lounge at noon hour. Music by Ronnie Aramando. Appointments not necessary.

Marie Fitzgibbons has suddenly found a new interest in basketball. How come Marie?

Was Jack Dowling really up the airport all night watching for "Sputnik?"

Jean Allen is now sporting a new haircut. Really chic, too.

Brain Dept.: Carole Flynn's article in the current issue of the Mass. Teacher.

Have you noticed that Connie Polini and Grace Trainor have that California look? They toured Mexico last summer.

New twist: Seniors who have signed contracts are busy planning a contract party. Will charge admissions, yet!

Narcissus note: Senior who throws kisses to himself in the mirror every night.

Have some optimism: The girl who tried to use her teaching contract as collateral for a loan.

Seen at the "Village Barn." One of our ex-Marines narrating his "war experiences" after ten weeks of chocolate soldering.

# SPORTSTALK

Football season is just about over and everybody is picking his All-American team for 1957 but the **ACORN** scoops 'em all and names the twenty-two best.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Tom Forrestal | Navy | Back |
| Clendon Thomas | Oklahoma | Back |
| John Crow | Texas A&M | Back |
| Walt Kowalczyk | Michigan State | Back |
| Bobby Cox | Minnesota | Back |
| Bob Anderson | Army | Back |
| Larry Hickman | Baylor | Back |
| Bob Stransky | Colorado | Back |
| Dick Lasse | Syracuse | End |
| Les Walters | Penn. State | End |
| Pete Jokanovitch | Navy | End |
| Jim Gibbons | Iowa | End |
| Alex Karras | Iowa | Tackle |
| Lou Michaels | Kentucky | Tackle |
| Lou Farmer | V. M. I. | Tackle |
| Gene Hickerson | Mississippi | Tackle |
| Wayne Farmer | Purdue | Guard |
| Chuck Howley | West Virginia | Guard |
| Roy Ford | Duke | Guard |
| Jack Lineberger | North Carolina | Guard |
| Charley Bruekman | Pittsburgh | Center |
| Bob Harrison | Oklahoma | Center |

In baseball, Henry Aaron, the hustling young outfielder of the World's Champion Milwaukee Braves, was recently named the Most Valuable Player in the senior circuit. He defeated his nearest rival, Stan Musial, by a scant nine points . But was he actually the most valuable to his team? The Cardinals ended up in seventh place in 1956 as Musial had a mediocre season. This year they lost out to the Braves by a few games. Musial led the league in batting with an average of .351 (eleven points above his lifetime batting average) and practically was a one-man team in leading the Cards to their surprising finish. How can Aaron be voted the most valuable when his teammates Warren Spahn (with twenty victories), Eddie Matthews, and Lew Burdette helped as much, if not more, as he?

Elsewhere in baseball, Frank Lane is ready to do business in the American League again. You can look for a big swap with Cleveland ready to give up Al Smith, Vic Wertz, and Early Wynn. Boston wants Washington's pride and joy, Roy Sievers, for Ted Lepcio, Norm Zauchin, and Mickey Vernon. New York is offering Tommy Byrne, Enos Slaughter, Harry Simpson, and Joe Collins. They would like either Billy Loes or Duke Maas and they might be interested in Early Wynn (shades of Allie Reynolds).

How about Herb Score for Ted Williams?

E. L.

# The Acorn

Vol. XV. Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Tuesday, March 11, 1958 No. 3


# Second Semester Rolls On

**FROSH QUEEN AND COURT**

**LEFT TO RIGHT — Dorothy Healey, Sandra Dow, Nancy Carney, Queen; Dorothy Palleys' Sheila Johnson.**

**By T. FITZGERALD**

Freshmen have experienced the shock of finals for the first time in their college career. Senior Secondaries have given up their enviable positions "behind the desk" and have been forced to switch from lesson plans to book outlines, term papers, and most difficult of all, the taking of tests. The United States launched its first satellite. Miss Smith retrieved all her library books. The Junior Elementaries are out teaching and the Sophomores, . . . the Sophomores . . . well, they're still studying. The school has settled into stride and everything is proceeding smoothly. But now is the time that the students' two greatest enemies, complacency and procrastination strike. This is the time to ease off a bit on the studying, to let that paper wait a while, or I'll start those maps over vacation. This is not meant to be a philosophical dissertation on the study habits of the average collegian but a frank presentation of fact based on experience and the opinions of numerous faculty members. The major cause of a drop in grades or failure of a second semester course is a lack of a proper beginning to the semester.

The sudden change brought about by preparation for exams, cramming, and the relaxation of homework after them cause a definite lapse in the study habits established during the first semester. This is the time to evaluate first semester achievement and to continue on with an attitude of improving on past effort. It is extremely easy to forget studies for the first few weeks of this new semester but it is improbable if not impossible to make up for those wasted hours when the pressure of assignments due, and mid-semester tests is brought to bear. Rather than give cause for more grey hairs in our already sparsely thatched faculty let them be uplifted by a rash of assignments turned in ahead of time. Then settle back and enjoy the scramble of those who waited as the soft spring air promotes sleep and lassitude.

## Freshmen Chatter

The long-awaited social event of the class of 1961 is now but a pleasant memory. A little bit of gay Paree was brought to all those who attended Melodie D'Amour. The theme was revealed in the lovely decorations and in the pleasing music of Ray Morton.

Certainly the highest of honors must go to the prom committee. Our class advisor, Mr. Taylor, and the members all worked diligently to make the prom a tremendous success. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss McKelligett, Miss Dowden, Mr. Paterson, and Mr. Joyal. The highlight of the evening was the crowning of the queen, Nancy Carney. Her court included Sandra Dow, Dorothy Palleys, Shelia Johnson, and Dorothy Healey.

The stork flew over the freshman class recently and left two darling daughters, one for the Joseph O'Connor's and the other for the Paul Doherty's. We are happy to announce that the anxious Daddy's are now doing fine with the exception of that two o'clock feeding.

Exams completed, our first thoughts were that we might have a short rest. Instead, we are faced with new subject matter and more hard work. But cheer up there is one consolation, spring vacation is just around the corner.

## DO YOU BELIEVE

Greetings, fellow classcutters, it's that time again. Soon we begin that dash home to head off the mailman bearing his little billet-douxs. (That means semester marks, stupid, poetic license.) Don't worry, you can't flunk out 1st semester anyway even if your average is only 1.009. There's a reason for this. Red tape you say. No, the understaffed, overworked office help can't get the marks on the book before tuition time is here. So after they've taken your money they can't bounce you because of achievement. However, be careful where you park your car. Otherwise the conversation on the home front will run like this. "Mother, they're having a special occasion at school tomorrow; they've extended a personal invitation to you and Dad. It's called the Re-Entrance Day. All those who just happen to park their cars up against the stone wall are the chosen ones. They come to school with their parents and amidst much ceremony etc. are re-entered. You can't make it. Well I was talking to the Navy recruiter yesterday yeah, a swell deal, 12 years active duty (Kodiak, Alaska) and the rest of your life active duty one night a week, four weekends a month, and your two weeks annual vacation in the summer.

The "Greatest"

## LOOK OUT! Your Manners Are Showing

It seems that in the whole history of Worcester State Teachers College there has never been such disgraceful, inconsiderate, ill-mannered behavior. What is the matter with the student body anyway??? Are you too embarrassed to display the few manners that you do possess?? Or is it just the **modus operandi** these days is to slam doors, clutter up the locker rooms and the corridors, and mutter and whisper during the Assembly period?

What kind of an opinion do you think our visitors will take back with them? They are called upon to be guest speakers, but they have to talk above your conversations. You show the same disregard for our own faculty members. This is a professional school. Why aren't the students professionally fit?

If you can't carry your own trays back to the counter in the cafeteria, then you're certainly not strong enough to carry responsibilities connected with teaching, and we don't need you. Not everyone is guilty of these offenses however, but if the dunce cap is your size put it on.

By the way, what has happened to the **esprit de corps?** Talk has been going around that State Teachers has been labelled a snap-school as well as just second rate. If you don't have more pride than that in your school, what are you doing here? Most likely the biggest talkers are those that have flunked or have been asked to leave because they are undesirables. Just a word to the wise . . .

A.L.M. & L.T.L.

## International Relations

The precariously balanced world of 1958 is like a house of cards.

Pull one card out, and the whole structure may come tumbling down in utter chaos. Which card is the most essential one? What issue will decide the fate of that card and of the entire world?

The Middle East Crisis?
The United Nations?
Nuclear Military Strategy?
Red China?

Or the all-important relationship between the two superpowers--

**Continued on Page 4**

Among graceful trees,
'Gainst sky of deep,
Deep blue of endless dreams,
The wanderer,
Lost in life's slight game
Unknown, travels
To earthly chores;
Seeking—here
There—
Happiness—
That lingers
One fragile speck of time,
Then scurries,
To leave a haunting fragrance
The wistful
Struggles to regain.

ETP

# The Acorn

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| | |
|---|---|
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**OUR CHEERLEADERS!**

**LEFT TO RIGHT—Jean Jackola, Carol Clarey, Eva Rabadeux, Pat O'Reilley, Judy Galente, Sandra Hickey.**

## EDITORIAL:

# School Spirit--Ha!

Long after the symbol of twenty-one years of struggle and toil is capped by the awarding of a sheet of paper encased in leather which proclaims the bearer a graduate of W. S. T. C., there **should** remain that intangible something which wields a group into a solid brotherhood to form a foundation for ties-that-bind in the years ahead. School spirit should do it but, sad to tell, at this institution it is non-existent.

The nearest approach to a spirit of any kind is that evidenced by our cliques. Each clique is a select, narrow group of individuals wrapped up in its own petty little world with no time or thought for the good of Worcester State as a whole.

The number of divisions in our college defies count, but for the "edification of the uninitiated" we have the High School Clique. Usually freshmen from St. John's, North, South, etc. who consider association with others positively sinful. Then we have the "Other College Clique" usually girls who belong, by reason of a frat pin, to Holy Cross, Clark or dear old Tech. (Me thinks if Worcester had fraternities this might die out a bit — with succeeding generations.) Then there are the "Town Cliques" from Milford, Framingham, Shrewsbury, etc. with geography their only "raison d' etre." Oops — we mustn't forget the Sophisticates who would have attended Wellesley, Regis, The Cross, etc. if they had had the tuition or could pass the entrance examinations.

This situation is bad, but read on — it gets worse. The greatest division comes in the second semester Junior year and the first semester Senior year. The class is split into two by that monster Practice Teaching, and welded by invisible bonds into distinct and isolated groups labelled Elementaries and Secondaries. To massacre Kipling — Elementary is Elementary and Secondary is Secondary, and never the twain shall meet. **Never** — not even at the lunch table or in the smoker.

School Spirit — Ha!

## HOPE

Beyond these clouds
There is a place
Where everything is bright.
A clear blue sky—
A sparkling pool—
Green, green trees.
A sunlit glade—
A rippling brook—
A whisper of a breeze.
The darkness hides it now,
But it is there.

# Our Economic Picture

Our current economic picture is not a very rosy one indeed. Not only here in New England but across the country the economic "pinch" is being felt. What has or what should be done to alleviate the hardships of the presently unemployed and those who are next to be laid-off?

A tax cut has been suggested by some financiers as a means of easing the financial strain. This would aid everyone, it is pointed out, including the government, although it would probably lead to greater deficit spending, nothing unusual in this day and age. Having a deficit is much more appealing than to have long lines of hungry unemployed. There are too many people alive today who vividly recall the bread-lines of yesteryear. It is believed however that a cut in personal income taxes should be the last alternative to bust up the current "recession." There are other means being proposed.

The current administration has its work cut out for them along these lines. Something is needed now, for the next six to eight weeks are supposedly the slack weeks of any business year. Some of the weapons being proposed are: easier credit and lower interest rates to aid the sick housing industry, easier borrowing of money by corporations to aid in plant expansions or improvements, and increased defense spending as a means to stimulate employment by creating new and more jobs. Mentioned too is increased spending on the vital Highway Bill and other public works projects. There is certainly an aura of confidence being perpetuated by financiers and politicians alike but the fact remains that we are in the most severe economic slump since 1948-49.

Voters all over the country are making themselves heard and what they are saying is that 5 million and upwards of unemployed is **not** the sign of a healthy recession. Reports during the past few weeks show that some people think that cases of hardship are being exaggerated however, fear awakens a people and fear of being out of a job and their savings dwindling awakens a people even more readily.

Some oppose a tax-cut as leading to an inflationary trend what with increased consumer buying but has not that been the trend during the past fifteen years. An upswing in business followed by a "healthy" recession seems to be standard operational procedure in the business world of today. . . .

DON McGRATH.

# SOPHOMORE NEWS

To quote the poets, "Love is a many splendored thing."

In the spring a young man's fansy turns to baseball, drive-in movies, and the SOPHOMORE-SENIOR PROM. On April 25th all of the students will leave their world of notebooks, classrooms, lesson plans and instructors, and fly away to the moonglow Land of Nod for an evening of "getting to know you," while they dance to the mystical tones of a local Jackie Gleason.

The chairmen and assistant chairmen of the committees for the Sophomore Prom have been posted on the board. A more detailed list of "helpers" to work on these committees will probably be posted on the board by the time the paper is published or shortly after that.

At this moment we cannot tell you where the prom will be held. But when the place is finally decided upon we will let you know about it.

Some very appropriate names were suggested for the prom. The title that we chose was, "I'll Remember April."

Meanwhile I hope everyone will keep that date—April 25, 1958, in mind. It is quite an important date.

Congratulations to the following Sophomores who received engagement rings recently: Frannie Young and Doris Geronimo.

# As We See It

Lately, as you have passed through these corridors, you may have noticed a large number of new faces. You may have asked, "Who are these people, strangers, who started classes at mid-term?" Well the answer probably is that these are conquering heroes who have returned from their battlefields, the Senior Secondaries. They, as are their fellow Elementary classmates, a group of young men and women who feel that they have faced their hour of greatest test in W.S.T.C. and through some manner unknown to them, survived. These are truly a courageous lot.

Out there on that battleground of wits, these people have served and have managed to return victoriously. Do you know what it feels like to suddenly be standing in front of thirty searching faces and sixty staring eyes that just wait for you to utter your first words? If you do, then you have survived one of the greatest crisis of your life, you have fought your battle.

But what of this battle of which we speak? Is it true that the enemy has hundreds of tricks at his disposal with which he may overcome you? Well the fact of the matter is that this enemy whom you first fear to encounter is actually nothing more than a friendly foe who once he knows you and understands you can be a great ally to you. These unpredictable individuals can make you feel like a king one day, and on the very next, make you wish that you had never been born. But when all is said and done and you look back on those few short months you realize that you have met, taught and enjoyed the greatest group of people in the world, your own students.

## Exit Basketball

**Hi There Baseball!!**

# BOOK REVIEW
## A CERTAIN SMILE

**By Francoise Sagan**

This is a new novel by a twenty year old French girl, who was acclaimed to fame with her first book **Bonjour Tristesse.**

**A Certain Smile** is the sensitive and provocative story about a compelling and foolish love of a young girl. Dominique, a typical French college student, is in love with Bertrand, who is terribly boring. They have very little in common, but nevertheless, they are still in love.

The plot of this story is familiar. Domnique meets Luc, Bertrand's married uncle, and is attracted by him. The relationship first begins as a common friendship with Luc and his wife. Time passes and Luc persuades Dominque to have an affair.

The affair turns out quite ironical. Dominque agrees to the affair only because she is drawn to Luc, and yet she is determined that she will never be hurt by this escapade. They live together for two glorious weeks and at the end of this time, Dominque finds herself deeply in love with Luc. They return to Paris, but by now, his wife and Bertrand know about the romance. The wife speaks to the "other woman" but the problem is left unsettled. Dominque, originally apathetic, cannot live without Luc, yet realizes she must. There is no happy solution to her delemma; Luc loves her, but he loves his wife even more.

She is the only forsaken person in the story, and loses everyone she loves. Ironically, she is the only one who does get hurt and left alone.

The novel was enjoyable although the "triangle aspect" is universal and is used quite extensively. The author is overly preoccupied with sex, but that seems to be what the public wants, because this novel was one of the best-sellers.

A.B.O.

# Through Hornrimmed Glasses

There are two types of cats in this world. There's the joker who is well liked, polite, and fair in everything he does and then there is the other extreme. Today we will discuss the former.

Whenever Ralph is faced with a decision of honor, truth, or chivalry there is no doubt in our minds what he will do. Think about the typical Ralphs that you know. Undoubtedly he will do the thing that is right.

Some people would call him a nice guy. Others would call him a chump. I call him a good kid.

Let's look closer at this unique breed of homo-sapien. We all know them. Fine upstanding youths in the community trying to make good. They are polite to women, kindly to animals, and are always smiling — even during exams.

But don't take my opinion of Ralph. Let us ask some outsider. A girl would be our best bet. We pick Neome to look Ralph over. As she observes him she notes his good grooming, polite way, and professional manner. She recalls how he usually makes a big hit with old ladies and stray dogs. She has seen him blush when off color stories are told in mixed company.

All these things she recalls and realizes that Ralph is a nice boy. She had never really looked at him before. Now comes the big test. We ask Neome if she would like to go out with Ralph. The answer is expected. Ralph is a good kid but. . . .

A good kid BUT. . . . Maties, take a lesson from this tragedy in four words. Methinks old Ralphie has missed the boat. For the first time since Billy Shakespeare laid down his Paper-Mate do we find a more truly tragic character. (Check and see if he doesn't measure up to the tragic character).

Let us liken the game of life to a game of sports. Suppose that we are forming a basketball team. We go out into the highways and by-ways in order to recruit talent for our team. Now, I ask you, do we look for players who score baskets or do we look for the boy with the best morals. Do we want to win ball games or do we want to impress the grandmothers of our rival teams.

One of the schools leading philosophers, Frank (what's the category) Crimmins, is credited with summing up the situation perfectly, in five words. I'm sure that all the Ralphies (those goodie-good kids) and the Billies (the bad actors) will agree. So think about it and learn a lesson.

Just remember, GOOD KIDS DON'T WIN BALLGAMES.

FOUG

# Better Believe It!

Has it ever occurred to you how things just seem to happen sometimes no matter how we as humans try to intervene? Take, for instance, the party that we had planned for weeks. Carefully selecting the guests, music, and format of activities we check all possible factors to be sure of a big success. The big night comes, everyone is there, the music is "just right," the refreshments superb—all the ingredients . . . yet something is missing and the party is a flop.

Comes a Friday night when there is nothing to do and what happens? You mention in the smoker that you might drop into Joe's. When you get to Joe's everybody who is anybody is there and although the music is terrible, the atmosphere stifling, and the refreshments rediculous, you have a complete ball.

This phenomenon happens often in the age old boy meets girl story. I see a freshman who is a living doll. For weeks I do my best to impress her. When she is talking to a person that I know I usually happen to pass by and strike up a conversation. I practice before a mirror the smiles that are most "fetching." I rehearse what I am going to say and how I will say it. Then I finally am convinced that I have her "snowed." It's a plain Tuesday. I wear my new three button ivy league sport coat. My shoes would make a gyreene turn green with envy. A new tie and white shirt should cinch the deal but I go a step further, I get a haircut (in the middle of the week yet). Everything is set. I carefully and subtly keep an eye on her all day waiting for the opportune moment. It finally comes. We "happen" to meet on the back stairway. My preliminary conversation has been practiced time and time again. I work up to the big question. This is it.

"Your're going to be busy Saturday night? You're going to be busy from now on? What can I say?"

Forelorn, frustrated, and a woman hater from now on I decide to make Friday night a bachelor night. I don't shave, wear my November to February chinoes (I change them every four months whether I need to or not), and even forget to comb my hair. While waiting for Billy downtown a voluptuous blonde approaches me.

"Bobby, how have you been?" And God created woman. She's a knockout! What a dish. Who is she? How could I forget that fig. . . . face. You say that you are on your way to the library to get a book? You want something to read because Saturday nights get so dull.

I sure hope Billy doesn't wait for me for too long.

If the reader knew nothing about me before, he now knows that I'm a dreamer. If there are any voluptuous blondes reading this . . . I'll be down town Friday night.

# WINDBLOWN TOWN

Windblown town and fateful day,
marked for destiny and those who care,
The sudden approach of rider there, sitting low on a half-starved roan.

Dark face bristled, chaps all torn,
showing evidence of winds' cruel touch.
Burning eyes of blackest hue,
sensitive to image and thought alike.

Hollowed cheeks, lips drawn tight,
holding a smoke which needed some fire,
A livid scar slashing over the cheek, proclaiming a warrior and possibly more.

A swayback plug of mangy coat,
disgracing master and peerage both,
Struggling to reach the inner moat,
seeking a peace and rest within.

Gaining the post painfully slow,
quivering from fever's torrid swell,
The awaited dismount, the grateful caress, gave promise of replenishment and ease.

Ringing spurs on hollow-toned boards, announcing both path and arrival,
Silent swung door being framed by a form of ungainly and ragged condition.

A moments delay of straight forward stare, allowing for detailed appraisal,
Showed times mellowing hand would soon make a man of a boy.

Gun hanging low, tied to the left,
warning of no churlish pup
Butt deeply notched, prolific in years, gaining in age with each owner.

Drinks there were three, another on the house, adding to mirth and good humor,
With newness worn low, conversation resumed, creating a boisterous swell.

Out from the corner came a hideous laugh, demanding that silence should reign.
The upwelling din faltered, then died, heeding that ominous rasp.

Clothed not save black, mustached and grim, standing alone in the light.
Speaking quite low, chiding at best, addressing scorn to our friend.

Hand-tooled boots, vest to match, proclaiming a profession well paid,
The radiant glow of a silver gun, its beauty had killed so many.

Stinging words most sharply felt, making him to face a venomous prey,
A stubborn gleam of smoldering rage, answering a challenge that was mutually made.

Heartbeat wild and face fire-red, ready for Fate's secret held,
The final moment rushing on, forcing the future and reality to swerve.

Pitiless demon and pitiful boy, facing what could be their end,
The distance paced on the gritty floor, demanding a fulfillment of rashness made.

The draw, the sound, the bullets whine, bringing death to Fate's poor victim,
The menacing thud, the grovelling churn, the death, the silence even more deadly.

Bending low and staring cold, hot blood coursing through vibrant limbs,
The fondling of silver gun was made, and a sudden exchange its result.

Exit made and mount affected, riding high with haughty pride,
A gunman has been created, through the folly of one's despair.

Windblown town and fateful day, marked for destiny and those who care,
Has set upon the lonely road, a beast of prey to himself and man.

Ronald Allen.

AMONG THOSE AT SOPHOMORE PROM!

# Lancers Make Play

OUR BASKETBALL TEAM!

LEFT TO RIGHT—Kneeling, Dick Brierly, Jack Simoncini, Red Cooney, Ron Speckauskis, Norm Foisey; Rear, Binnie O'Leary, Bert Bolduc, Captain Fran McDevitt, Joe O'Connor, Tom Murphy, Bob Dunne, Nunny George.

playmaking and scoring as... Charlie George, has begun to find the range he had last year. There is no question that the Lancers have missed captain McDevitt, who was out for a month with an ankle injury. His soft jumper from outside has helped considerably. Joe O'Connor has certainly helped the ... then ... at the Arena recently, placing fifth in the five team round-robin, the Independents tied both Worcester Tech and Holy Cross.

Of course, their lack of experience and depth shows but they play together very well. Dick Pleshaw, coach of the squad, was outstanding as was Phil Anastis. There were many comments at rinkside about the speed and agility of Pleshaw. Holy Cross' coach Mel Massucco was high in his praise about the playmaking of Dick.

After the Christmas recess, the Independents routed the Nichols Jr. College team 7-4 with Pleshaw getting six of the goals.

## Algebraic X

Oh, X, how I do loathe you
You slippery old unknown,
I'm sure you hold the record
For the sorrows you have sown.
I seek you in the darkness
That forms my mental night,
And when I think I have you
You vanish from my sight.

Your heart is full of mischief
Brewing troubles by the peck,
If ever I do corner you
Be sure I'll wring your neck.
But, X, I want to warn you
You really must beware,
Or you'll never get to Heaven
For there are no secrets there.

C. P.

## RONDEAU

O remorseless youth that steals my bitterness
With innocent declaration of love
And holds to me the challenge of life
While in my heart I long for peace!
Don't you know the wealth of greed
That claims all men and even you,
When thus you trust me in your honor,
Binding me with golden chains.
O remorseless youth!

I would laugh at your conception,
Did I not think you sincere,
For I believe that life is nothing
And you believe that life is real.
Still I feel your arms around me—
O remorseless youth!

### TREES

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free:
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed.
A girl who won't forever wear
A bunch of junk to match her hair:
A girl who looks at boys all day
And figures ways to make them pay.
Girls are loved by jerks like me
Cause who the heck wants to kiss a tree.

ON THE JOB ... for you

Coach Eager and Captain Fran McDevitt

## ODDS & ENDS

### ON THE NOBILITY

Lo! Who is this close-cropped, three-button lord
Mincing majestically over the sward?
His lofty manner, his regal demean,
Ennoble the bourgeois campus scene;
Strike awe in the hearts of the hoi polloi,
Admire the sophisticate, Brook's Brothers Boy!

Tossing his scarf over his tweeds,
Straight to his art-laden room he proceeds.
He fires his pipe, and straightens his tie,
And into the glass he casts confident eye:
"Elegant mirror adorning my wall,
Who is the iviest of them all?"

## Intl. Relations

Continued from Page 1

Russia and the United States? It is a matter of debate, of course.

The United States is a relatively new nation enjoying a favorable balance of power as a result of its tremendous technological and military advances. She does not control the world. Neither does Russia. But their decision to avoid or risk war will affect all areas and issues now in flux. If either one risks starting a war, who knows what will happen? If, on the other hand, they avoid it, who shall be the victor of the war? What are the weapons of a cold war? Nationalism and anti-colonialism are proving more powerful than the most modern atomic weapons.

Ideas, as has been true again and again in history, survive all kinds of tyranny.

Therefore, it is the ideas which the U. S. promulgates, that are most important in determining our relations with the international. These relations, in turn, will decide our fate in this world complex.

Thomas W. McGrain.

# The Acorn

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# JACK MANNING NEW EDITOR; SENIORS GRADUATE JUNE 8th

## 1957-1958 Student Council Report

With the close of the semester, the Council submits its yearly report in reference to its regular duties and additional projects. The majority of time this year was spent in undertaking our usual tasks. The first was the distribution of the STUDENT HANDBOOK and the issuance of the Student Identification Cards. The Handbook, first published in 1953 has proved an asset to both faculty and students, especially helpful in acquainting the freshmen with the college program and activities. The accumulation of material for next year's Handbook has already begun.

The first main task at the beginning of the school year was the approval of the Student Activity Budget. At the start of each school year, the Finance Committee, consisting of the treasurers of the four classes, the auditor of the Student Council, and three faculty members, draws up a budget allocating money from the Student Activity Fund to the various college organizations, publications and classes. After drawing up the budget, the Finance Committee refers it to the Council for approval, or disapproval and recommendations.

This year, on the request of a representative number of students, the Council proposed a five dollar increase in the Student Activity Fee. The increase was proposed on the basis of necessity resulting from expanding college activities next year with the larger enrollment and the addition to the college plant itself. The Council unanimously approved the idea and so voted to have the issue presented to the student body. John Dowling, the Council Auditor, proposed the planned increase backed with information gathered from other Teacher's Colleges in the state. The Council then provided ample opportunity for voting on the part of the students. Seniors were not allowed to vote since the issue did not concern them. Out of a possible 475 votes, 237 voted, which included 72% of the Junior class, 59% of the Sophomore class, and 32% of the Freshman class. The possible increase was defeated by a vote of 128 to 108, a difference of twenty votes.

The Council, as part of its yearly duties sponsored the student representatives and delegates to the New York Conference of the Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers. The president of the Council, an elected representative from each class, a faculty delegate, and the faculty advisor of the Council attended the three day convention at the Hotel New Yorker. The conference proved interesting and entertaining.

All the club and class elections were supervised by the Council during April and May. The interest in class elections was excellent. The Council, at this time, wishes to congratulate all new officers and wish them success in the coming scholastic year.

One of the last acts of the Council each year is the election of its officers for the following year. This is done by the incoming and outgoing Council in a joint election. Miss Sandra Hickey, a capable and efficient individual was elected President, Joan Bruacis of the Sophomore Class was elected Vice-President, Richard McNeil of the Freshman Class was elected Secretary, and John MacQuade of the Freshman Class will serve as Auditor.

With the retirement of Dr. Winslow, the Council elected Mr. John Eager as its new faculty advisor. At this time, the members of the Council wish to express their sincere thanks to Dr. Guy Winslow for his understanding, guidance, and assistance during the year. We have greatly appreciated his sound advice and able counseling in the undertaking of various problems. He has contributed greatly to the college not only this year but during his

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## "Get A Summer Time Job"

"Who me, a summer time job, work, are you kidding or what." This plaintive cry is beginning to echo through our hallowed halls as freshmen, sophomores, and juniors look forward to a summer of relaxation??

Seniors aren't too concerned about summer jobs, all they want is a "JOB." Billy Fouge is seriously considering accepting a position as superintendent in charge of temperature control at a leading university. When he told me I was impressed but a dyed-in-the-wool type intellectual told me he was just bucking for a coal shoveling job in the S. T. C. boiler room. Such is life!!!

Now seriously approaching the problem of summer-time positions we find them falling into 4 categories.

No. 1. The strenuous, well paying positions, laborer, hod carrier, ditch digger, and the like. Enough said, these all involve, perspiration and dirty hands, thus are ruled out.

No. 2. The not so strenuous, poor paying job which improves the mind and contributes to the society we live in: assistant librarian, natural history, camp counselor, laboratory technician or repairing butterfly nets for an entymologist.

To each his own said the old lady when she kissed the cow.

No. 3. The third category is the political appointment type, the state, the town, the county involving no labor, and paying quite well. The duties usually consist of standing in the middle of a road waving a red flag, or something which might tax your mental prowess like counting cars, counting cement bags, or even counting clouds. That's what Crim did for 6 weeks. Did you know that from 9:00-12:00, there are, on the average, 1,962 clouds in the sky?

No. 4. The fourth type of summer employment could be classed as the, some labor, good pay, none saved type. The only thing that distinguishes this job category from the others is that it be located away from home generally below the Canal and relatively close to Benny's or the Mill Hill.

Under the cloak of privilege your roving reporter took a cross section of students, plotted their answers on a "Pearson-Product Moment Correlation Chart" and came up with these two definite statements.

1. "Who, me, work? I'm a secondary."

2. "Manual labor, isn't he a Mexican?"

TOM FITZGERALD

## HAVE A GOOD SUMMER

## Acorn Awards And Staff Officers Announced

**By JIM HALLIDAY**

On Thursday, May 8, the annual Acorn banquet was held at fashionable Franklin Manor at which the awards and officers for next year were announced. This event, in years gone by, was always highly successful and one of the outstanding social events of the college year, but this year it was even more successful. Forty-two members of the staff were present making the banquet the largest ever held by the school paper. The number attending, alone, gives you an insight into the interest developed in the Acorn this year which is what it lacked in past years.

Seated at the head table for the banquet were Faculty Advisor Dr. Carlton Saunders and his wife; invited guest Mr. Archille Joyal, the personable new member of the W.S.T.C. faculty; and this year's officers including Editor-in-Chief Fran McDevitt, Managing Editor John Manning, Secretary Kay Desy, and Treasurer Jim Halliday.

After the delicious meal of Boneless Fried Chicken, Editor-in-Chief McDevitt thanked the staff for the fine turnout at the banquet. He then proceeded to explain that earlier that week he and Dr. Saunders had spent a couple of hours trying to decide on which of the contributing staff members would receive the Certificates of Merit awarded annually by the Acorn to members of the staff who had contributed unselfishly to the paper. Three members of the staff were chosen to be honored by being awarded the Certificate. The three staff members were Thomas Fitzgerald, for his many timely and thought-provoking articles, and Lenore Lapriore and Arlene Mazuriewicz for their column on music, "Turn Table Talk."

Next on the agenda was the awarding of the Gold Pins accompanied by the Acorn Certificate of Merit. The Gold Pin is the most cherished award of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, of which the **Acorn** is a member, and the highest award given by the **Acorn**. The Gold Pin represents excellence in journalism and in participation in the production of the school newspaper. The first staff member to receive a coveted Gold Pin was Bob Fougere for his columns "Dear Willie," "Through Horn Rimmed Glasses" and other exciting and interesting articles. The next person to receive The Gold Pin award was last year's Editor-in-Chief George Ford to whom McDevitt credits a lot of the success of this year's paper.

Editor McDevitt then introduced Dr. Carlton Saunders who immediately thanked the offices and the entire staff for the excellent job they did this year. Dr. Saunders then called Mr. McDevitt back to award him the Gold Pin and Certificate of Merit for the excellent job he did as "boss" of the **Acorn** this year. Dr. Saunders joyfully announced at that time that he had received word from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, that very day, that the **Acorn** had received a second place award, just missing first place by a slim thirty-four points. Addressing the staff members who will be returning next year, Dr. Saunders emphasized the point that he felt that the **Acorn** could and should be a first place award winner and with the high rating it received this year, next year's staff has a challenge to meet and a goal to achieve in making the **Acorn** a first place award winner.

Immediately following the issuing of the awards, Editor McDevitt announced that this year's elections for officers of the paper were the closest he had ever witnessed. Mr. McDevitt then announced the officers for the school year, 1958-1959, are Editor-in-Chief John Manning, Managing Editor Dana Straight, Secretary Joan Bruazis, and Treasurer John Lynch. McDevitt congratulated each new officer individually and commented on the fact that all four of them are members of the present Sophomore class.

Mr. Manning, in his acceptance speech, thanked the staff for electing him as the new "boss" and he added, "This is truly the greatset honor I have ever received, and I will try my best to fill the shoes of past Editor George Ford and present Editor Fran McDevitt." Manning then thanked Dr. Saunders for his guidance and assistance and congratulated the staff on its fine work this year. He concluded by accepting the challenge of making the **Acorn** a first place paper in saying "This is the second year the paper has received a second place award in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, but next year we won't be a second place paper, we'll be a first place paper!"

If you know Mr. Manning at all, I'm sure you will agree that if

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# The Acorn

**The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly; it is printed by the Saltus Press, located at 63 Myrtle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Editor-in-Chief | Fran McDevitt |
| Managing Editor | Jack Manning |
| Secretary | Kathleen Desy |
| Treasurer | Jim Halliday |
| Sports Editors, | Jean Jakola, Mike Kinnarney |
| Cartoonist | Phil Miller |
| Faculty Advisor | Dr. Carleton Saunders |

Staff: Marsha Balzerini, Joan Bennet, Suzanne Blackstone, Joan Brauzis, Francis Crimmins, Jack Dowling, Joan Dunford, Tom Fitzgerald, Carole Flynn, Robert Fougere, John Gaumond, Linda Heinold, Victoria Jarvis, Carole LaFontaine, Lenore Lapriore, Arlene Mazurkiewicz, Dom McGrail, Tom McGrain, Don McGrath, Aidan McSherry, Mo Moriardi, Arlene Ocden, Andy O'Keefe, Pat O'Reilly, Dick Pleshaw, Bridget Quinn, Charlotte Ruberti, Frances Scott, Jack Simoncini, Dana Straight, Joan Thornton.


# Bon Voyage Seniors

Well, Seniors, as the saying goes, "this is it." It seems just like yesterday when the class of 1958 first patroled the corridors of old W.S.T.C. During the first few months, we must admit that we were scared, but this fear gradually wore off day by day with the encouragement of the faculty and upperclassmen. By the time we were inaugurated as seniors, we were members of the "royalty."

Yes, these four years whizzed by like "a shot out of a cannon," but we shall never forget the dances, the proms, the parties, the classes, the practice teaching, the assemblies in which, we, the class of 58, played such a significant role. We shared our problems and successes wonderfully. We joked over elementary and secondary but we are actually one big happy family.

Chances are that we may never see each other again but at least we will have our present memories of the past.

So, goodbye and good luck to a truly magnificent class.

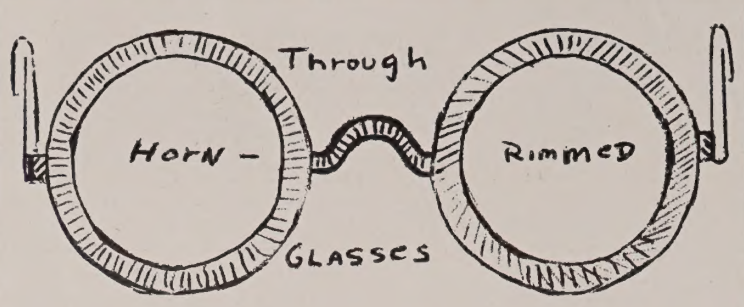
F. M.

# TURN TABLE TALK

**With Time On Our Hands** we got to **Thinking It Over** that we'd soon be leaving. **Now Is The Hour** for a little backward glance at all those **Memories**, both good and bad. **Dearie, Do You Remember** that first day when we were all cast into that mysterious world of intellectuals? That was the day when we thought we had **The World On a String,** but realized **It's Only A Paper Moon.** College was not the country club we expected it to be. Instead of **Going To The Big Dance** we found ourselves at **Three O'Clock In The Morning** wearily typing reports, reading books and completing assignments. **Day In Day Out** we found ourselves getting accustomed to the routine and liking it. Despite our familiarity with the school we found ourselves looking foward to **Summertime.** It came. We blinked our eyes, and it was gone. **September Song,** more homework, waiting in the **Early Hours** to give our Government reports, and **Around the World** with 5 maps were all part of our Sophomore year. Once again, **Can't Wait for Summer** was our cry. Our Junior year started out by separating the secondaries from the elementaries—**Adios Amigos.** We parted but we remained friends. We **Tried the Impossible,** survived our apprenticeship, and find ourselves in the last few days of our Senior year.

Before we say **Auf Weidersehn** a tip to the underclassmen: **Don't** put off all those assignments for **There's No Tomorrow.** It isn't very pleasant to attend classes on a **Blue Monday** but don't miss too many of them or else you'll find yourself singing, like Mr. Como, **Letters, We Get Letters.** To the school itself, what more can we say but **Thanks for the Memories.**

**A.F.M., L. & L.**




The spring of 1958 started in the usual way with everyone wondering when we'd get a little spring weather. The Red Sox were picked to finish third in the American League race, everyone hoped for a pennant, and they again started in a slump. Easter saw the advent of the sack dress (to the disappointment of the male of the species). Like rock-and-roll everyone predicted that it wouldn't last long but by the end of May the men still groaned and patiently waited for summer and the coming beach season for another look at the female outline. Dick Nixon planned a "good will tour" to South America, the French assembly found it difficult to administer the government, and Russia put up Sputnik III.

On campus, the Senior Secondaries were just reviving from their banishment and getting back into the swing. The Junior Elementaries found themselves with a feeling of home-sickness. The Freshmen class dominated the baseball team and put hope back into the heart of Mr. Mockler. Softball however, again became the most popular sport on campus in the midst of construction workers, equipment, and excavations. The seniors tried to elect New York, New York as their class song and Berger's big city antics became a legend of the smoker.

Proms, banquets, parties, and dates threatened to take the place of books, term papers, tests, and studying but the dark clouds of finals could be felt by the most independent Tappa Keggers.

The spring moved on in fine fashion and we all tried to cram in the events we had planned all winter. The Sophomore prom became an event that will be held high in the hearts of many a senior and Billy broke up with the Bean again. All the senior girls were getting diamonds for graduation, the married men's wives were quitting their jobs, and Beef got engaged.

Things happened fast in the spring of "58." Things that meant different things to different people. To the graduating class it could mean one thing for sure. This is the finale—yet it is the time of beginning again.

Through flunked tests, moneyless week ends, lost loves, rolls - can - hardlys, closed smokers, cold auditoriums, lost week ends, blue Mondays, black Tuesdays, broken friendships, headaches, heartache, disappointment, disillusion, and depression we emerge with memories of four of the happiest years of our lives. If in the future, we can find the friendships that we have experienced here, we will not need to concern ourselves with happiness or success. We will have it.

FOUGE

## Lines Written to Those Who Voted "No"

Ah yes, my friend, you've done it now,
You've proved your point again;
You've voted down that monstrous raise
And shown the foolish ones.
Your logic nursed has found me out,
Discovered me inane;
And all my gross and fearful pleas
Have proved, through you, insane.
Your thoughts are clear, unmuddled sure;
You know what you're about;
You'll keep that five and save it for—
Some worthwhile thing, no doubt.
Now surely, friend, you've saved the day
For school and student both;
Your only loss—and you care not—
To suffer my contempt.

J. M.

## Bonjour Tristesse
## Francoise Sagan

**"A strange melancholy pervades me to which I hesitate to give the grave and beautiful name of sorrow. The idea of sorrow has always appealed to me, but now I am almost ashamed of its complete egoism. I have known boredom, regret, and occasionally remorse, but never sorrow. Today it envelops me like a silken web, enervating and soft, and sets me apart from everyone else."**

This is the opening paragraph of **Bonjour Tristesse,** a wicked and shocking novel by a young French author, Francoise Sagan.

The story is a recollection of the events that happened to Raymond and Cecile, a widowed man and his seventeen year old daughter during a summer spent in a villa on the Mediterranean. Raymond's mistress, Elsa, is living with them and they spend their days lazing on the beach or swimming in the surf, and the nights in gambling casinos, cafes, and boudoirs. That is, until Anne comes along. She was a close friend of Cecile's deceased mother and has the fantasy that she is responsible for the well-being, moral and physical, of Cecile. Naturally she disapproves of the affair between Raymond and Elsa, and tries to break it up, while continually forcing her bourgeois views on Cecile. But Cecile will have none of this. In fact, she too is involved in a passionate romance, but with a law student named Cyril.

Anne moves into the villa, and becomes a threat to Cecile because of her ideas on reformation. The problem is still not crucial; Raymond favors and supports Cecile's and his type of Bohemian life; that is, until the improbable happens, when he falls in love with Anne. Now there is a change in the line-up. Elsa is out, Anne goes to first base and Cecile is left alone in the dugout. Views, opinions, and the night life change.

As the novel progresses, we find Cecile cleverly planning a diabolical scheme to oust Anne and to regain her place in the relationship with her father. Is order to obtain this end, someone must be hurt. Anne is the most likely prospect, but in Cecile's blue-prints, she forgets to leave room for human error, feeling, or conscience. The plan is carried through, and the result is tragedy. All that is left are two lonely, unhappy people, both trying to justify their acts to themselves in order to live with a clear conscience.

The feeling that predominates the first paragraph quoted above is the same mood that you are left with when the story is completed. The choice of words throughout the book create a specific mood that suits the event. This is the type of novel that can be actually lived with the character, while the sadness, joviality, love, and freshness of the uninhibited youth can be felt.

Miss Sagan, who is only in her early twenties, is a mature individual and has an extraordinary sense of perception in capturing the human emotions. She uses no vulgar or ignominous phrases and imparts a moral to over-come all the immorality in the book.

A final statement, a quotation from the **New York Times,** sums up my ideas on Miss Sagan: "Few writers today can so swiftly lay bare the secret places of the wayward human heart."

## State Teachers Glee Club Concert

The annual concert of the WSTC Glee Club was held Tuesday evening, May 13, at 8:30 P.M. under the direction of Miss Grace A. Kendrick. Assisting artists were Ingrida and Karina Guttberg, duo pianists.

Student soloists included Bernadine Donahue, Ronald and Richard Herrick, Louis Giantris, and Accordionist Robert Gravel. Accompanists for the evening were Therest Dowgielewicz and Bernadine Donahue.

The duo pianists are natives of Latvia and have been in the United States for six years. The Guttbergs hold master's degees from the Mozarteum in Austria and will be graduated from Boston University School of Music this June with a degree in Doctor of Musical Arts.

The Guttbergs were enjoyed by all as they played Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring, Sicilienne, The Lark (Romance) a Celtic set and other favorite selections.

The Glee Club sang selections from Romberg and South Pacific, along with other enjoyable tunes. The president of this year's Men's Glee Club was Donald Belisle, and president of the Women's Glee Club was Theresa Dowgielewicz.

Special thanks are given to Miss Kendrick who spent several hours arranging and reciting the concert.

Joan Dunford.

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A man matures as he learns what other people know and learns to laugh at himself.

## SOPHOMORE NEWS

The Sophomore – Senior Prom was held at the Wachusett Country Club on April 25. The Prom was well–attended. Everyone on the Prom committee did a fine job. The decorations were very attractive.

The Queen of the prom was Eleanor Sullivan and the members of the court were as follows: From the senior class: Judy Kane, and Carol Bibber; from the junior class, Sandra Hickey; from the sophomore class, Lucy Manning; from the freshman class, Theresa Breen. Congratulations girls!

The chaperones at the prom were: Mrs. Sullivan and the following faculty members: Dr. and Mrs. Busam, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Dr. and Mrs. Shaw, Dr. John Sullivan, Miss Morris, Miss O'Donnell and Miss Wilmarth. I would like to thank all the chaperones who attended. We hope that everyone who was present had an enjoyable time.

The officers of the Acorn for next year were announced at the banquet on May 8. I would like to congratulate the officers who were as follows: John Manning, editor; Dana Strait, business manager; Joan Bruazis, secretary, and Jack Lynch, treasurer.

Have a nice vacation. Will be looking forward to seeing you in September.

## Banquet

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anyone can put the **Acorn** in first place, he can and he will! Congratulations and best wishes to the new offices and the entire staff for next year, they have a lot to work with and to work for and I'm sure they will achieve their goal.

Editor McDevitt then called on invited guest Mr. Joyal to say a few words. Mr. Joyal was slightly surprised because he was promised he wouldn't be called upon, but being the wonderful man he is he took it in good fun and graciously addressed the banquet in his well known and well liked manner.

McDevitt concluded the activities by once again expressing deepest gratitude to Dr. Saunders and to the entire staff for their truly wonderful co-operation, and in congratulating next year's officers, and wishing next year's staff the very best. He ended the meeting characteristically saying "The deadline for the next issue is . . . , let's get busy!"

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## Sometimes

Sometimes . . . I think the sun . . . does not shine so brightly anymore, the sky . . . seems leaden . . . and oppressive close about me, . . . and . . . from time to time . . . strange singing in the Heavens . . . ,sometimes I dream . . . I can hear the Heavens . . . thundering open to drop riches **upon** me . . . and . . . sometimes . . . merely voices . . . , so that when I wake . . in that I had but waked . . I cried myself to sleep again.

L. Wendell.

## Student Council Report

Continued from Page 1

years as advisor. We wish to thank him and extend wishes of happiness and success in the future.

In relation to other projects of the past year, the Council considered methods of managing the new Student-Faculty Lounge, the use of the new parking lot, and a revised die for the college stationery.

The Council worked diligently this year and tried to accomplish all the proposals on its agenda to the best of its ability and in accordance with the Constitution of the Council. We wish to extend our thanks and appreciation to the student body for its co-operation during the year, again to Dr. Winslow for his guidance, and to the members of the Council who helped to make this year successful. To the new Council, which will be confronted with many problems with the expansion of the College, success in all activities.

EUGENIA PEPI — President 1957-58

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## SPRING SNOW

Discs of perfect symmetry
Sextant pinwheels
Whirring through the spatial void
Born on breaths of cold surprises
Bringing down a wispy curtain
Between the outside world and me.
Playing gentle kissing games,
Pearly jewels upon my hair;
Or angry roughouse,
Terpermental,
Mean conniving gaming fiends.
Though you torment me
For a moment - - - you shall master - - -
Wracking throes of great confusion;
But if I am but one brief candle,
You are but a wisp of time.

Lili

# LANCERS ROUT ASSUMPTION 11-2

## RON ELKIND, TERRY O'HARA SET PACE

The Lancers' baseball squad, led by the hitting and pitching of Ron Elkind has won four of five games and it looks like we have the first winning ball club in years at State Teachers.

Elkind's six RBI's and home run were the highlights of the first game of the season with Boston. The final score was 10-9 with Worcester on the long end. Next the Lancers defeated Keene in a squeaker, 3-2. Gerry Coleman led the attack with two RBI's, but it was Ralph Fusaro's double and Terry O'Hara's three-bagger that brought in the deciding run. Elkind was the winner in both games.

The Lancers traveled to Fitchburg for their next game and they just didn't get that big hit. Norm Foisy pitched evelen superb innings striking out fourteen as Fitchburg edged him 4-3.

The next game was against arch-rival Assumption and the Lancers poured it on in hopes of evening the score for the basketball defeats. Final score: Worcester 11, Assumption 2. A six-run third inning highlighted the contest as Elkind won his third game.

Freshman Brian Sullivan made his debut on the mound and, with help from Norm Foisy, it was a winning one against Keene, 15-8. O'Hara and Elkind each had three hits including a homerun and four RBI's. Ed King also had three hits.

The averages as of May 16:

| | AB | R | H | RBI | BA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Elkind | 19 | 4 | 10 | 11 | .526 |
| D'Elia | 21 | 3 | 7 | 2 | .333 |
| Sullivan | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | .333 |
| King | 22 | 5 | 7 | 4 | .318 |
| Fusaro | 16 | 8 | 5 | 4 | .313 |
| O'Hara | 24 | 6 | 7 | 6 | .288 |
| Foisy | 11 | 3 | 3 | 0 | .273 |
| Hargrove | 20 | 3 | 4 | 3 | .200 |
| Coleman | 13 | 4 | 2 | 3 | .154 |
| Bullard | 7 | 1 | 1 | 0 | .143 |
| Spakauskas | 10 | 1 | 1 | 1 | .100 |
| Bolduc | 6 | 4 | 0 | 2 | .000 |
| Prosser | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | .000 |

**Hockey Outlook**

Although the State Teachers Independents hockey team will lose their two top scorers, the word is out that next year the team will be strengthened by some incoming freshmen. The people who got a chance to see the team on the rink thought the team had come quite a way since their first appearance at the jamboree. Of course, a year's experience of competition for the returning skaters will help. Next year don't forget to support this team. I'm sure that you will see some exciting hockey.

J.E.L.

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I sit transfixed
In the evening mist
Alone in my quiet room,
And the cool night breeze
Rustling through the trees
Erases my face of gloom.
All the cares of the day
Pass away
Beyond my windowsill,
And the cool night air
Gobbles each care
Leaves me alone and still.
The sprinkle of stars
In the velvet afar
Abandoned, carefree, and gay,
In the splendid awe
Of their Heavenly Law
I find new hope for the day.
And thus content
With these moments spent
In the silence of the night,
I trod to bed
My Soul now fed
By the Spirit of the Night.

Euterpe

## Until The Dawn

The mind's eye creates a picture
Of lovliness and fond caress;
An image of itself so pure,
Yet — untrue and false, imperfect
And failing. The distances are far,
So far. The feelings — they alone
Are true, the image false.
It does not matter now —
Tomorrow? Yes! So far! So far!
You are lost to me today
And I have need of you.
Alas, so far! So far!

A day again dawns down;
I feel a frigid blast of cold —
Emotion? Yes, but burnt beyond a fire;
Much like a Grecian urn removed from flame
And placed upon a shelf, beyond the eye;
But then a light imbues it with its own bright
Blazing incandescence, so it is known as true.
And now the day grows long,
The darkness dulls my aching heart
— Until the dawn.

Again the dawn, the dawn —
Bringing back my thoughts to me,
Destroying dreams I dreamed last night of you.
Yet day has its dreams too, but they are intermixed
With pain which mitigates their joy —
For you are gone from me
And none of you remains
— But memory.
And as the day proceeds, so too the ache within.

Will Time destroy or even numb this pain?
Remove the burden of this undesired, sought for, thought?
Surely You, O Master of forgetfulness, can warn me,
Turn me from that Fate I almost long for;
Or is Your fame a fable fabricated by the Ages
And long believed by foolish, idiotic men?
There is no Time for me, it doesn't matter much;
The present, past, and future all are one.
I looked for Time, but there was none to come.

Again the dawn, the dawn —
A day foreboding joyous pain and painful joy.
I know not what strange emotion may be born,
Or if a mere repeating may prevail.
I do not know; I wish I did not care.
The distances are far, so far!
— Alas, so far! So far!

J. M.

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## DEAR WILLIE

Dear Willie,

As the end of the year draws near I find that under the strain of term papers, maps, lab reports, my part time job, and finals I am a nervous wreck. I get this way every semester.

I wonder if, with all your experience, you might advise me how you have coped with this problem.

Signed,
SNAKE PIT

Dear Snake Pit,

I can remember having this trouble but I carefully mapped out a great way to fight it. Every summer I reserve a room at Worcester State Hospital and after a good refreshing nevous breakdown I am raring to go in September.

Signed,
WILLIE

Dear Willie,

Everytime we have a movie in Assembly the girl who sits beside me gets affectionate. She's a real

nice kid and I hate to hurt her feelings by fighting it but I hate to miss the movies. They're so good!!

I am also afraid that word will get around that I'm cold.

Please advise,
GORDON HATHAWAY JR.

## Vita

Reaching for a hand,
Searching for a light,
I wander — lost.

Groping for the way,
Yearning for a goal,
Despite the cost.

A chaos—a void—a maze,
This is my world!

Melancholy — Confusion — Obscurity,
These are my companions!

A path—a direction—a purpose,
These are my needs!

Despairing of success,
Seeing the futility,
I still go on.

Plodding without reason,
Following a nonentity,
Though hope is gone.

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## Congratulations to the Baseball Team for a Very Successful Campaign

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Dear G. H. Jr.

I would only be too happy to switch seats with you in assembly. It's not that I don't like the people who sit next to me by let's face it, Tom Fitz doesn't look any better to me in the dark than he does in the light.

WILLIE

Dear Willie,

I am nineteen years old and I have a problem. Being a math–science major, I am taking a course in analytical mathematics. I have never flunked a math course before, but this term I have received a failure warning; the instructor has informed me that I cannot possibly pass the course unless I get a mark higher than 95 in the final.

Do you think I would be wise to sign up for a summer course in this subject, or to wait until I receive my marks in July before doing anything?

NEVER FLUNKED BEFORE

Dear Never Flunked Before,

You would be wise to switch to Kindergarten–Primary; however, I suggest you send for my free booklet "How to Win High Marks and Influence Instructors."

WILLIE.